

THE  
B A T T L E  
OF  
BOSWORTH-FIELD.

THE NEW YORK

ROSWORTH FIELD



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THE  
B A T T L E  
OF  
BOSWORTH-FIELD,

BETWEEN  
RICHARD THE THIRD,  
AND  
HENRY EARL OF RICHMOND,  
AUGUST 22, 1485.

WHEREIN IS DESCRIBED  
THE APPROACH OF BOTH ARMIES,  
WITH  
A PLAN OF THE BATTLE, ITS CONSEQUENCES, THE  
FALL, TREATMENT, AND CHARACTER OF RICHARD.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED, BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION,  
(A HISTORY OF HIS LIFE TILL HE ASSUMED THE  
REGAL POWER.

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## P R E F A C E,

**D**READFUL is the situation of a people, when that martial spirit, which should only be exerted to repel an invader, is divided against itself; when instead of shedding the blood of an enemy, they shed their own.

The House of Anjou furnished to this country, a numerous race of Kings, of heroes, and of savages. The princes of this house, being possessed of abilities, but having no ideas of right, had the address to divide the kingdom, and direct one part to butcher the other. But happy had it been for the nation, could they have united, and expelled that nest of vipers, who diffused their poison, to the destruction of thousands. Something like this really happened at the extinction of the Stuart race. A lesson to future ages.

The quarrel between the roses, is one of the most interesting stories in History, but perhaps none is so defectively related; and the reason is, as Sir John Fenn justly observes, that the art of printing being newly discovered, people neglected to multiply their manuscripts, and being anxious to preserve the history of past times, forgot the present.

Perfuated that the latter part of this important quarrel, the battle of Bosworth, is superficially represented, I have taken some pains in a minute research. This little work will nearly comprehend the history of Richard's short reign.

Whatever omissions I may be charged with, want of assiduity, and enquiry are not of the number. My pursuits, as might be expected, were attended with difficulties



ties. I could not even examine the wood in Bosworth Field, without being repeatedly set fast in the mire; though possessed of two feet, I could sometime use neither. If in searching the rubbish of antiquity, I found an imaginary prize, it appeared so cankered with the rust of time, as to baffle the judgment. I have more than once put a whole family into silent amazement, by the singularity of my errand; by opening a subject, which though constantly under the eye, they had never noticed. I frequently perceived embarrassment, at being unable to give me that information of their own premises, which a stranger might reasonably expect; and have myself stood in an awkward light, while I solicited a gentleman to teach me what he had never learnt. But if I could not always find an answer to my enquiries, I always found civility.



Authentic information, of so remote a period, is procured with as much difficulty, by the antiquary, as water in Arabian deserts by the traveller. I have treated my friend with a letter, and myself with a journey, yet all the intelligence derived from both, has been comprized in six words; this evinces, that a work, though small, may be expensive, and that literary emoluments are no part of my pursuit.

As the life of Richard, prior to his sovereignty, is but little known, and that little to his disadvantage, I have given a sketch, in an introduction, chiefly extracted from our best authors, as Hollingshead, Grafton, Buck, Dugdale, Rapin, Carte, Walpole, Fenn, &c. Actions best explain motives.



From Holbein's History of the Kings of England



From Walpole's Historic Doubts.







## INTRODUCTION.

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*The LIFE of RICHARD the THIRD, till he  
ascended the THRONE.*

**I**F we survey the house of Anjou, it will be found, one of the most extraordinary in history. The females possessed the spirit of men, the males, that of heroes: as ripe at fifteen, as the generality of youth at twenty. Active, revengeful, prolific, and daring; they seldom arrived at old age, but seemed willing to destroy each other, when fortune neglected to destroy them.

All agree that the name of Plantagenet signifies a broom-plant; and Buck tells us that *Folk*, head of the family, about a cen-

2 tury

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tury before the conquest, was enjoined by the priest, as a punishment for his sins, to lash himself with that weapon, from which he acquired its name.

This self-afflicter furnished England with seventy-four male descendants of his own name; fourteen of whom were sovereign princes, who filled the throne three hundred and thirty years. Among whom, only three lived to old age,

Henry the Third

Edward the First, and

Edward the Third

Five fell by the hand of violence,

Richard the First

Edward the Second

Richard the Second

Edward the Fifth, and

Richard the Third.

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Though a crown is coveted beyond every earthly thing, nay, perhaps every heavenly, and is supposed a remedy for every human woe, yet grief shortened the days of three of the Anjovin Kings,

Henry the Second

John, and

Henry the Sixth,—The other three

Henry the Fourth

The Fifth, and

Edward the Fourth, were cut short in early life.

If we cast a melancholy eye, for we can cast no other, upon the end of this numerous race, till the extinction of the name in 1499, we shall find, that out of seventy-four males,

Twenty-one died young

Twenty-four in middle age

Twenty-

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Twenty-one by violence, and

Only eight saw old age.

If a Plantagenet was destroyed, it was generally by the hand of a Plantagenet; a name always honourable, but frequently dangerous. No family was better acquainted with the axe; and if they shewed no mercy to each other, the stranger could not expect it. They dealt out destruction with a savage hand; hence the nobility and gentry fell by multitudes in the tempests of their wrath.

Many disputes have happened since the conquest, for the possession of the crown, in which, much blood has been spilt, and though right often pleaded, victory carried it. The first dispute arose between the sons of William the Conqueror; the next, between

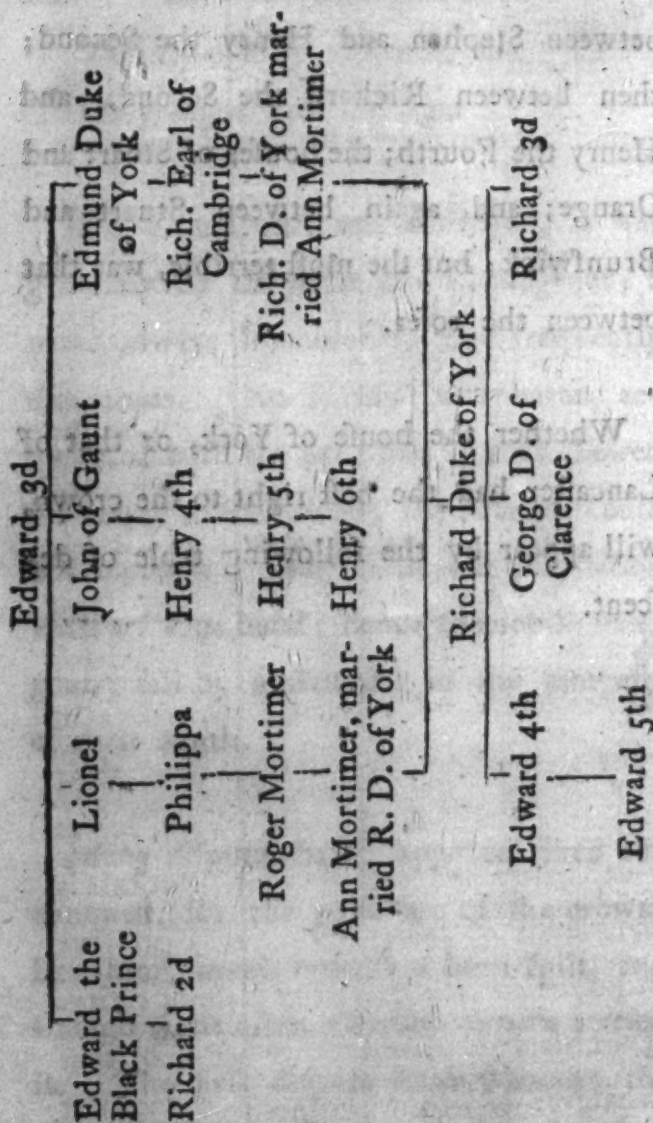


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between Stephen and Henry the Second; then between Richard the Second, and Henry the Fourth; the houses of Stuart and Orange; and again between Stuart and Brunswick; but the most terrible, was that between the roses.

Whether the house of York, or that of Lancaster had the best right to the crown, will appear by the following table of descent.





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It appears from this pedigree, that the house of York could derive no title from Edmund, its founder, because he was the fourth son of Edward the Third. That of Lancaster was equally excluded, because John of Gaunt, the head, was but the third son, therefore the right was vested in Lionel the second, after the heirs of the Black Prince failed; and as the Duke of York married Ann, the heiress of Lionel, the sole right of descent must have been vested in her issue, which was Richard Duke of York. A powerful argument in favour of the Lancastrian family was, their long possession of the crown, which, it was pleaded gave a prescriptive right. But this is a dangerous doctrine; power may preserve that possession which justice cannot ratify. I have observed, upon another occasion, that "whatever is wrong in the beginning, is  
" difficult

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"difficult for time to set right. If a man  
"steals a guinea, it is no more his own,  
"after keeping it twenty years, than it was  
"the first day,"

The higher a man is elevated, the more  
difficult to keep his station. Richard the  
Second was too giddy to keep his; which,  
Henry the Fourth, a person of superior  
talents observing, dragged him from his  
throne, which he mounted himself. Pos-  
session was kept in his family during three  
generations, when his grandson, Henry the  
Sixth, a prince much weaker than Richard,  
was expelled by the powerful Duke of  
York, the legal heir, a man well able to  
conduct a kingdom,

Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Richard  
the Third, was the youngest of eight sons

of

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of the last mentioned Duke of York, by Cicely, sister to Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and aunt to the great Earl of Warwick. He was born on Monday, October 2, 1452, at Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire. But little is recorded of his childhood, neither can childhood produce much to record. I shall omit as idle tales, the difficulty of his birth, his being amputated from his mother, his deformity, his savage teeth, and his withered arm, as beneath the notice of history. His infancy was spent in his father's house, where he cuckt his ball, and shoot his taw, with the same delight as other lads.

His father was killed at Wakefield in 1460, Richard being seven years old. His mother sent him, and his brother George, to Utrecht for security and improvement,



under the care of Phillip Duke of Burgundy, while their brother Edward, cleared his way to the throne by the sword.

Edward, having subdued his enemies, and ascended the regal seat, sent for his brothers, after an absence of six months, and initiated them into the use of arms, as an additional strength to his house. He created George Duke of Clarence, and Earl of Richmond, to eclipse the title of Henry Tudor, and Richard Duke of Gloucester, and Earl of Carlisle.

There are three incidents in the English annals, which furnished the sovereign with immense property. The seizure of most of the lands in the kingdom, by William the Conqueror, after the battle of Hastings; the assumption of religious donations, by

Henry



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Henry the Eighth, and the prodigious number of estates, alternately seized by the victor, in the contest between the roses. Property was continually changing its owner, according to the victorious sword. This filled the hands of the sovereign with riches, and enabled him to gratify his adherents. To support Richard's ducal character, Edward gave him the fee farm of Gloucester, with the manors of

Kingstone Lacy, in Dorsetshire

Richmond in Yorkshire

Chipping Norton in Oxfordshire.

Sarton

Great Camps

Abiton Magna and

Swaffham, in Kent

Polenthorn

Penhall

Tremarket

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Trevalin  
Argelles  
Trewinion, and  
Droungolan, in Cornwall  
Overhall  
Netherhall  
Aldham  
Preston  
Pendham, and  
Cokefield, in Suffolk. The Castles,  
and Manors of  
Henham  
Elham Parva  
Vaur  
Bumsted  
Helion  
Canfield Magna  
Stansted Monfitchet  
Bumsted upon Terrens  
Earl's Calne

Crepping

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Crepping  
Bentleigh Magna  
Cruftwich  
Fingrithe  
Doddinghurst  
Preyeres  
Bower Hall  
Greyes  
Eston Hall  
Cileby  
Beamond  
Downham, ——— with  
Kenfington, and  
Walehurst, in Middlesex.  
Calverton, in Bedfordshire.  
Milton, and  
Paston, in Northamptonshire.  
Market Overton, in Rutlandshire.  
Flete, and  
Battlesmere, in Kent. All which

were part of the estate of John de Vere Earl of Oxford, attainted. He also constituted Richard Lord High Admiral of England, Constable of Corf castle, and keeper of the forests in Essex.

The sagacious Edward proposed three advantages to himself by so liberal a bequest. Though this vast property was nominally Richard's, yet Edward would reap the profits during his minority. By parting with it, he would prevent the solicitation of others. He well knew, while a king had any thing to give, he would never want beggars, and it would be difficult to deny, even a beggar who had served him. He early saw in Richard a leading capacity, and a rising spirit; he wished to promote his own interest by encouraging both; but alas, he cherished a viper in his bosom;



they proved in the end, the destruction of his family.

Three years after, in 1464, Richard being twelve years of age, received a grant of all the castles, lordships, and lands, in England and Wales, late the property of Henry de Beaufort Duke of Somerset, paternal ancestor to the present Duke of Beaufort, who having fled at the Battle of Tewkesbury, and being tired with the life of an exile, threw himself at Edward's feet, and obtained a pardon. He afterwards commanded the Lancastrian army at Hexham, where he was taken by the Marquis of Montague, instantly beheaded, attainted, and his estate confiscated.

The interest of the house of Lancaster was, by that victory, for the present annihilated,



lated, and the court of Edward enjoyed peace about five years. In 1468, Richard drawing towards sixteen, received a grant of the manor of Fareley in Somersetshire; Haighetsbury, and Cosent in Wilts, with many other lordships, late part of the estate of Robert Lord Hungerford, attainted, likewise, the town of Bodminster, in Gloucestershire, with its dependencies, and all other lands in England, belonging to Alianore Duchess of Somerset, widow of the late Duke, held in dower, which escheated to the crown at her death.

The next year 1469, Richard was made Constable of England, Justice of North and South Wales, and, in 1470, warden of the west marshes of Scotland. Thus he was early taught to rise, who in a few years after

after was able to teach himself. Had Edward kept him in a dependent state, his wishes would not have soared so high as his present attainments; but being brought *near a king*, he found means to be altogether one. The mind cannot be satisfied; he who has nothing, longs for a little, and, to possess much, only opens a wish for more.

We are now to display another scene, wherein the Lancastrian interest, aided by the powerful Earl of Warwick, grew terrible to the house of York, shook Edward's throne, and occasioned his fall. A proud nobleman, armed with power, has often humbled the crown, but in no instance equal to this. Warwick had placed Edward upon the throne, was his principal support, but taking umbrage at his conduct, forsook him, became his inveterate enemy, and undertook

undertook the cause of Henry the Sixth, which he ably conducted. He not only drew his friends after him, but had the address even to draw the king's brother, Clarence; by a bold stroke he drove Edward from the helm, and, by a bolder, took him prisoner. Edward in prosperity lost his prudence, but never in adversity. By a well laid plan he gained one of the greatest blessings upon earth, his liberty; and with a very few friends retreated to the Continent, under the wing of the duke of Burgundy, taking with him Richard Duke of Gloucester, then seventeen. And now, the Lancastrian party, with Margaret at the head, triumphed in a flood of success and of blood. Edward became an humble solicitor to Burgundy, for aid, to prosecute his fortune,

and

and after an absence of seven months, returned with the assistance of the Duke, marched to London, augmented his forces, and went in quest of the enemy. During the night, Edward, who was on his march from Warwick, ready to meet him, marched from St. Alban's and pitched his camp, on Gladmore Heath, a mile north of Barnet. Edward, marched from London, entered the town in the evening, where his people were much inclined to stay and refresh, which he would not suffer, but ordered every man away to the heath. Both armies approached the field the night preceding the action. Edward's came last. Through the darkness of the night, he could not discover the enemy, but by mistake, pitched his camp rather assant, than opposite Warwick's. He enjoined silence, and fortified his camp as well as time would allow,



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to prevent a surprize. Both armies had artillery, but Warwick's exceeded Edward's; Warwick played upon the royal army during the whole night, but did little or no execution, for Edward lying nearer than was supposed, the shot flew over him, Each army consisted of about 10,000, men

At break of day, Easter Sunday, April 14, 1471, Edward sounded his trumpets to arms, and Warwick drew up in order of battle; but a fog was so thick, that neither party discovered the other. Warwick gave the command of the right wing to his brother, John Neville, Marquis of Montague, who had won the battle of Hexham, but since, changed sides. John de Vere Earl of Oxford, assisted by John Holland, Duke of Exeter, who had married Edward's sister, commanded the left. The centre were archers,



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chers, under Edmund Beaufort Duke of Somerset, brother to the late Duke. Warwick himself conducted the rear.

The whole van of Edward's army was commanded by Richard Duke of Gloucester, a lad of eighteen; which proves Edward's high opinion of his talents, and confidence in his fidelity. Probably Richard's courage and inclination for the service, induced him to solicit for this dangerous post. Edward, assisted by the Duke of Clarence, whom he had recovered back from Warwick, commanded the second line, in which he placed King Henry, having brought him out of the Tower to be shot at. Lord Hastings led the rear. Exclusive of these three lines, Edward had a corps of reserve, for occasional use, which proved of great service.

Edward

Edward and Warwick encouraged their men with all the eloquence they were masters of, and each, as usual, pleaded the justice of his cause, the protection of the Almighty, and dealt out abuse against his antagonist.

The thickness of the mist caused another mistake, in preventing the armies from being drawn up face to face. Warwick's left extended towards the east, and far out-flanked Edward's right, while his left as far overshot Warwick's right.

Soon after the battle began, a small part of Edward's right, being overpowered by Oxford, fled to London, and declared, victory was decided for Warwick. The same fog which had deceived the two armies continued

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continued to deceive; Edward's badge being a sun, and Oxford's a star, both with rays, Oxford's mistook their own people for Edward's, and fell upon them, when Oxford cried out "Treason" and fled with 800 men. This disaster did not encourage one party, nor dishearten the other, because neither were able to see it for the mist. The King's people on the west out flanking Warwick, became in turn successful, and routed the enemies right.

The contest had continued till near noon; rather in favour of Edward, which the Earl of Warwick observing, and remembering his character in the world as a hero, and being unwilling to lose his power of making kings, bravely exerted himself, and encouraged others, till the battle became more fierce, and the victory doubtful.

Edward

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Edward, as the last bold effort, brought up his reserve. This no way dismayed the Earl, who still encouraged his people by telling them "it was the last resort of an usurper." But Richard Duke of Gloucester who commanded Edward's van, bore down all before him. It is difficult to withstand a man who is determined nothing shall withstand him. Warwick, inflamed, attempted to do *himself*, what his men were unable. He fought on foot, contrary to his usual practice, and in his ardour for conquest, cut his way into the midst of his enemies, forgetting that he was venturing into the jaws of a boar; surrounded by Richard's people, and his own being too much disheartened to effect his relief, he fell a victim to their fury. The Marquis of Montague, though supposed a friend to Edward, could not bear to see a brother in  
bowed
distress,



distress, and in attempting to support him, fell himself. Here opposition ceased.

Thus it appears, when Edward committed so important a trust to his brother Richard, it was not an error of judgment; nor does Clarence seem to have taken umbrage, at being ordered to the centre, while his younger brother commanded the van. The infant sword of Richard had now established that character for bravery, which time cannot efface. John Milwater, and Thomas a Par, two of his squires, were slain at his feet.

There fell on the King's side, the Lords Cromwell, Say, and Pentoife, with many Knights, 'Squires, and Gentlemen. None of the nobility were slain in the Lancastrian interest except the two brothers. The



Duke of Exeter was desperately wounded. Somerset and Oxford, attempted to retreat into Scotland, but altering their design, turned towards the left, and marched into Wales, to join Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and the King marched in triumph to London.

An Obelisk was erected by Sir Jeromy Sambroke, upon Gladmore Heath, in 1740 to commemorate the battle, with this inscription:

Here

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Here was  
Fought the  
Famous BATTLE  
Between EDWARD  
the IVth and the  
Earl of WARWICK,  
Anno 1471,  
In which the Earl  
was defeated  
and slain.

The keeper at the Red Cow, near the  
Obelisk, has preserved a ball, a pound and a  
half weight, which he dug out of the  
ground.

Though Richard, for the first time, had  
drawn a victorious sword, he was not yet to  
sheath it. News was brought to Edward  
on Easter-Tuesday, that Margaret, with her

son, had landed the day of the battle, at Weymouth. Edward staid but four days in London, before he went again with his army, in quest of an enemy. The two antagonists met at Tewkesbury, May the fourth, only twenty days after the battle of Barnet.

Edward, as before, marshalled his troops in three divisions. Over the first, he appointed his brother, the victorious Duke of Gloucester, took the center himself, and gave Lord Hastings the third. Approaching the enemy, he perceived they were entrenched, and could not be attacked, but at a manifest disadvantage. The Queen's army was drawn up in three lines; the first was commanded by the Duke of Somerset, who fled from Barnet, assisted by his brother, Lord John Beaufort. The second, by  
5 the

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the Prince of Wales, assisted by Lord Wenlock; and the third by Courtney, Earl of Devonshire.

Edward was provoked because he could not join battle with the enemy, therefore ordered his artillery to open, which did some execution, while Richard continued a brisk discharge of arrows. Somerset in return, played his artillery and small arms with effect, and now might be seen two armies briskly fighting, with a trench between them, Somerset's artillery was inferior to the King's, for the latter had recruited his at Barnet;

As the Duke of Gloucester was not able to reach them with his sword, he was determined to reach them with his policy. Knowing the impetuous temper of the

Duke of Somerset, he feigned himself worsted, and, with his van recoiled, as if retreating through fear. This decoy had the desired effect. Somerset left the intrenchment, expecting the Prince and Wenlock to follow, and support him, but neither moved. Richard having drawn him from his strong hold, faced about, and began the attack with double fury, forced him back up the hill, but he could not easily regain the encampment. As Edward approached the Queen's troops, he observed a park full of timber on their right, and fearing an ambuscade, detached 200 spear-men a quarter of a mile to the left to attack them; but if there were none, to employ themselves as occasion should serve. Finding no enemy in ambush, they returned at the very instant Richard was facing about, and joined him. The violent Somerset



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Somerſet ſeeing all was loſt, and being in a rage at not being ſeconded, rode up to Lord Wenlock, upbraided him for a traitor, and at one ſtroke with his battle-axe, daſhed out his brains. The Duke of Glouceſter followed his blow with ſpirit, entered the trench with Somerſet, and his followers, when a dreadful carnage enſued. Little oppoſition ſeems to have been made, or intended. The appearance of Richard carried terror. While ſome were running, others were ſlaying. Unfortunately they had to paſs a narrow bridge at a mill, near the town; here many fell by the ſword, and others were drowned. Of that part who arrived at Tewkeſbury, ſome ſheltered in the church, ſome in the abbey. The ill-fated Edward, Prince of Wales, was taken in his retreat to the town, by Sir Richard Crofts, and cloſely detained. The King

issued a proclamation that "Whoever  
 "should bring in the Prince, alive or dead,  
 "should have a hundred a year for life, and  
 "the Prince if alive be spared." Upon which  
 Sir Richard delivered him up; a fine figure  
 of eighteen. But of Edward's broken  
 promise, and the Prince's fate, I have given  
 an account, *page 161*. This unhappy bud  
 of royalty, cut off from the ancient stem of  
 the Plantagenets, in the spring of existence,  
 had no greater funeral honours paid him,  
 than being thrown into a large hole, in the  
 monastery of Tewkesbury, to ferment and  
 rot with the bodies of common soldiers.

Here fell Lord John Beaufort, Thomas  
 Courtney Earl of Devonshire, Lord Wen-  
 lock, Sir John Delves, Sir Edward Hamp-  
 den, Sir Robert Willington, Sir John  
 Lucknor, Sir William Vaus, Sir Nicholas  
 Harvey,

Harvey, Sir William Fielding, Sir William Lurmouth, Sir John Urman, Sir Thomas Seymour, Sir William Rouse, and Sir Thomas Harvey.

Among the officers who took shelter in the church, were Edmund Beaufort Duke of Somerset, John Strother, Lord Prior of St. John's, Sir Humphry Audley, Sir Gervis Clifton, Sir William Grimesby, Sir William Carey, Sir Henry Rose, Sir Thomas Tresham, Sir William Newborough, Henry Tresham, Walter Courtney, John Florry, Lewis Miles, Robert Jackson, John Gower, sword bearer to the Prince, and ancestor to the present Marquis of Stafford, and James Delves. All these might have escaped, but Edward promised a pardon, upon which they relied. But the event of this second promise, and their dreadful

dreadful catastrophe, I have mentioned,  
page 119.

Edward, during the last nine months, had experienced a strange vicissitude of fortune. From a powerful monarch, he had been stript of his regal honours, become a desolate wanderer, a prisoner in one place, and his family in another; his life in constant jeopardy, and himself a beggar. He declared, he had lost every idea of a future crown, and only wished to recover his family inheritance. We behold him again, with the aid of Burgundy, rapidly rising to power, taking King Henry prisoner, and, by the assistance of the Duke of Gloucester, gaining two important battles, entirely subduing the house of Lancaster, so that it made little or no efforts for power, during the remainder of his reign.



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reign. We further behold him, and that with a sigh, glutting his revenge with blood. Provoked at being disturbed after a peaceable possession of the crown for ten years, he slaughtered his enemies without mercy, mangled their bodies, and hung them up in the highways, to the annoyance of travellers. Gloucester did not soften the barbarous spirit of his brother savage.

After the battle of Tewkesbury, Edward had reason to expect a quiet enjoyment of the throne, but he had scarcely returned from the field, when the bastard of Faulconbridge, allied to the Neville family, raised a commotion in Hampshire. The victorious Richard was sent against him in September, came up with, and defeated him at Southampton, took him prisoner, and



and sent him to Middleham castle, where he was beheaded.

There are but few instances upon record, of a military character, rising to fame with the rapidity of Richard's. Though in law, an infant, in the field an hero. He had fought two battles in three weeks, commanded the van of both, was greatly instrumental in gaining that of Barnet, and compleatly won that of Tewkesbury. This gave him consequence in Edward's court, and, what was much to his honour, he possessed that consequence without its airs.

Edward had given Richard much, but not more than he deserved. In consideration of his merit, he made him Lord Chamberlain of England, and granted him the manors of Middleham, and Sheriff-Hutton,

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Hutton, in Yorkshire, Penrith, in Cumberland, and part of the lordships, manors, and lands, belonging to the Earl of Warwick, slain at Barnet; also the estates of Lewis Fitz-John, Robert Harlston, Sir Thomas Dimock, Sir Thomas de la Lounds, John Truthale, John Darcy, and the large estate of the Marquis of Montague.

Richard now at ease, with his sword laid down, was not insensible of the charms of the fair. Two or three natural children were the consequence of this intercourse, but we are not told by what ladies.

We shall now, in 1473, behold him in another light, a light in which he is seldom placed by the historian, in love. The softest and the most amiable passion of the human

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human heart, is never ascribed to Richard. It was thought by his enemies, if they thought at all, that the tender feelings of a lover, could never enter the breast of a monster. But Richard's disposition was in every respect, like that of other men, two qualities excepted, *Bravery* and *Ambition*. In these he exceeded the run of mankind. The great Earl of Warwick had two daughters, Isabel, and Ann, which last, Buck calls "the better woman," but does not say why. When the Earl had persuaded the weak Clarence to desert his brother's interest, and fly to the Continent, he united him to his own, by giving him Isabel in marriage, and promising half his fortune. Edward Prince of Wales, soon after, married the other. Ann, becoming a widow, by the murder of the Prince at Tewkesbury, and Richard struck with her beauty,

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beauty, paid his addresses; Clarence, like many of the Plantagenets, having no ideas of justice, had seized the *whole* fortune, which he refused to refund, but exerted every effort in his power to prevent the match. This caused a violent quarrel between the two brothers. Clarence fearing Richard would be too powerful, for he who is right, has many advantages over him who is wrong, conveyed the lady away, and hid her so privately that she could not be found. The gallant Richard, with the eyes of Argus, the diligence of Jason, and the assistance of love, like a faithful knight, and true to his injured mistress, neither gave himself or others rest in the pursuit. After many adventures he discovered her, secreted in an obscure place in London, disguised like a servant girl; nay, in the deranged dress of a cook maid. Like the



ancient knights of romance, he delivered the fair lady from captivity, and carried her away in triumph. For security he conveyed her to the sanctuary in St. Martin's-le-grand, and soon after led her to the temple of hymen.

The obstinate Clarence still resolving to hold the fortune, the quarrel became serious; Edward, to prevent the consequences, called a parliament, caused the affair to be discussed by the privy council, and undertook himself to be arbitrator. He awarded a portion of the lands to Gloucester, the residue to Clarence, and procured a ratification from the two houses. The amiable Countess of Warwick, mother to the young ladies, gave up her dowry to establish peace in her family. The slightest knowledge in the laws of equity, will convince us that justice



was on the side of Richard. If the ladies were joint heiresses, they were each entitled to a joint share; besides, Warwick's promise of half, might have convinced Clarence, he had no right to more. Whether the two brothers were ever cordial friends is doubtful,

By Richard's marriage with the Lady Ann Neville, he had one son, Edward, born in 1474, who died at the age of ten, one year before his father. She has been vehemently accused for marrying the murderer of her husband, consequently, in all her afflictions, unpitied. But this censure did not arise in her life-time, nor till the Tudors had degraded Richard below every degree of truth.

A quarrel happening between the French King, and the Duke of Burgundy, who

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had married Edward's sister, and the Duke fearing himself too weak to cope with so able an adversary, solicited Edward's assistance. Though the King, towards the close of a short life, was become corpulent, and courted ease, yet, being under obligations to the Duke, for succouring him in distress, and being willing to reduce the power of France, he readily adopted the measure. It had long been a practice of the English sovereigns, to catch at every pretext to fleece their subjects. Edward seized this. He was fond of luxury; always poor, nor is it a wonder, for he frequently feasted the city of London, an expence sufficient to impoverish a richer monarch; but this fashion, like others, has undergone some alteration; whether our modern sovereigns are more proud, or more frugal, or whether the corporation of London has lost its consequence,

sequence, I leave to others, but their highest entertainment now, at the King's board, is only to sip a little caudle at a gossiping. Edward found means to draw considerable sums from his people, which he called a benevolence, though some people thought the name misapplied; Hollingshed gives us a specimen of his manner. He sent, among others, for an old rich widow, and asked her, with a smile, what she would give towards the prosecution of the war? the lady, struck with his beauty, "for thy lovely face," says she, "thou shalt have twenty pounds." This being twice as much as the King expected, he gave her thanks and a kiss. Perhaps a kiss of any sort had not come near her lips for many years, but she was so delighted with a royal one, that she doubled her offer, and gave him forty.

Nearly all the nobility attended the King in this expedition, many of them holding estates by military tenure. By an indenture of 1474, which conveyed several lordships to the Duke of Gloucester, he was to serve the King his brother, in the wars of France and Normandy, and find at his own expence, one hundred and twenty men at arms, nineteen of which were to be Knights, and a thousand archers.

Edward raised by his frowns, his smiles, and his kisses, the finest army that had been seen in England for some time; we are not told their number, but I judge near 30,000, and led them in person to France. Their rich dresses and trappings, indicated ostentation more than fighting. Whether Edward meant any thing besides parade, is uncertain, for Burgundy and he quarrelled

quarrelled as soon as they met. The French King, terrified at Edward's gallant army, offered him terms, which promoted an agreement.

Some of the principle officers, with Gloucester at their head, who wished to profit by the war, loudly remonstrated against the peace. "We have gained nothing," says the Duke "for all our labour and expence but shame" He afterwards paid a visit to the King of France, who, knowing his great credit with his brother, treated him with the utmost civility. The unsullied army returned to England, with a loss of reputation, but not of blood.

Richard being governor of the northern marches, his residence was at Sheriff-Hut-



ton, in Yorkshire, and sometimes at Nottingham castle. We have in the former part of his life, beheld a war-like character, but in this we shall contemplate an amiable one. The terror of his name prevented northern inroads. All was quiet during his administration. He distributed justice to those who wanted it, and civility to all. By his moderation and probity, he conciliated the affections of the inhabitants. His credit rose to that elevation, and shone with that splendour, as not to set for many years after his death.

He had now gone through about twenty-five years, without a spot. As a legislator he rivalled the sages of antiquity; as a warrior, even without the assistance of any heavenly goddess, he equalled the Trojan heroes. Had some future crimes been avoided

avoided, and, had not his character fallen into the hands of the Tudors, who multiplied those crimes, and blew all up into magnitude, he would have stood one of the first candidates for fame.

Perhaps about this time 1477, we may fairly date the rise of his ambition, the time in which he first raised his ideas to royalty. He had been taught to rule; was well qualified; power was bewitching; the crown had a dazzling lustre; he had issue, and he wished to fix it in his family. The unhappy difference between Edward and his brother Clarence, gave Richard the first opening. There is too much reason to think he artfully fomented the quarrel. But this point, like that of fixing upon the perpetrator of a private murder, may be *believed* easier than *proved*.

Thus much is evident, Clarence's faults were rather foolish than vicious. He had committed no crime worthy of death. Edward was strongly persuaded to cut him off, but did not want much persuasions to have saved him. We are not only to blame if we commit a crime, but even if we do not prevent one, when in our power. Richard stood high with his sovereign. He might have been gratified with any favour for asking. One word would have saved Clarence. He did not utter that word.

Clarence left two innocent orphans. An act of attainder immediately passed, to corrupt their blood, and seize their property. This unjust act could not originate from Edward; he had nothing to fear from younger branches; nay, they might rather

be

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be future supports to his family. It could not originate from the two houses; they were no more than spaniels who fetched and carried at the command of the crown. Richard must have been the author, because no man living could derive the least benefit but himself; besides, it was part of a consistent plan. There were two families between him and a sceptre, those of his two brothers: He had now disposed of one.

Clarence, no doubt, had entertained some distant hopes of a crown; this appears from two incidents; his blustering words, tending to bastardize his brother, which could only be meant to make a way for himself; and, his agreement with the Lancastrian party, when he left Edward to join them. Henry the Sixth, and his issue, were to sway the sceptre, and upon failure,

Clarence

Clarence, and his. This proves that Clarence had proceeded beyond his right; and the man who will take *a little* of another's, will take more if not prevented. Thus we find three brothers anxious to fill that throne which would hold but one. There was, however, nothing to fear from Clarence, he was too weak a man to carry any point.

In the wars between England and France, the French generally spurred on the Scots to break through all treaties with the English, and make inroads upon the marches. The French, Scots, and Welch, rarely quarrelled with each other, but if England differed with any one of the three, the others, if able, were ready to assist against her. The Picts wall, stands a lasting monument of those barbarous ages; when even in times of peace, all intercourse was prohibited between



tween the two nations. We cannot view this stupendous work, without drawing a comparison between ancient and modern civilization. It was formerly death for a man of either nation to pass this absurd boundary, but now, that friendly intercourse is open which ought ever to subsist between neighbouring beings of the same species. I have contemplated, while standing upon the verge of Offa's dyke, that the ground on each side was the same; the country and prospects the same, that the act of moving the distance of ten yards, could injure no man, nor make a difference in situation, yet it was once lawful, had I passed this short, and innocent space, to have knocked me on the head. As the ground is common, every one has a right to use it, why then should it be death to the man who treads it? The gentlest sounds that once  
passed

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passed this fatal barrier were *Dim Sasneag*, and *Dim cum reag*, but now, the residents on either bank, live as intimately together, as in any part of the island; and I can travel with as much pleasure and safety through Wales, and meet with as friendly a reception, as at home. I can view the grandeur of her mountains without any fear, except that of falling from them.

Whether a coat, or a peace, be slightly patched up, it will quickly come to pieces. Lewis and Edward soon disagreed, and the French King easily prevailed upon James the Third, King of Scotland, to make a descent upon the borders; which he ravaged without mercy, before Edward could form an army. When a King is not prepared for battle, he attempts to negotiate. Arbitrators were chosen, by the

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French and English for that purpose. The Duke of Gloucester was one, and after the usual time of conferring, produced the peace of a day. Treaties between Princes continue, while it is their interest.

Edward having silenced his French antagonist, turned his eye towards Scotland; but the Scots had made such devastations, that forage was not to be found to subsist an army in its march to the North. Richard therefore procured a commission from the crown to purchase

2000 quarters of Wheat	
1000 do.	of Barley
1000 do.	of Rye
1000 do.	of Oats
1000 do.	of Muncorn
1000 do.	of Beans, and
1000 do.	of Pease

With

With this supply he replenished the marches for the reception of the military. Nor did Richard make any private emolument by this state purchase; *Royalty* was what he coveted, not money. But his dependants knew how to reap the profits of the contract.

Scotland was in confusion. Her King was weak, and the people dissatisfied. He had two brothers. One he had bled to death, the other imprisoned. The living brother, Alexander, escaped from confinement, and fled to England, under the protection of Edward. These two entered into a treaty for which they both deserved punishment. Edward was to dispossess James of the throne; and place Alexander upon it, who was to do homage for his kingdom, to Edward; to break the truce  
with

with Lewis, and enter into one with the King of England against him; to divorce his wife, and marry Edward's daughter; though already engaged to the Prince of Scotland, his nephew; but if the church would not grant a divorce, his son was to marry her. The King's daughter was a forward girl, was early ripe for a husband, and longed for one, as soon as ripe. Her fortune, which was 20,000 marks, had, in part, been paid by Edward's bungling ministers, and the Scots valued the money more than the lady.

Edward having raised an army consisting of 23,000 men, gave the command to the Duke of Gloucester, who began his march, in May 1482, accompanied by Alexander, who assumed the title of King. In July they reached Alnwick. By slow marches they  
arrived



arrived in Scotland and began to lay waste the country, there being no army to oppose them. Richard took Edinburgh, and sent to inform James, "if he did not fulfil his engagements with England, he would destroy the whole kingdom." The nobility of Scotland assembled, ratified the treaty afresh, and delivered up Berwick, when Gloucester with his army returned to England. Nothing memorable happened to Richard during the residue of his brother's reign, which was only a few months.

The death of Edward the Fourth, opened a new, and extraordinary scene, in which Richard shewed himself a most accomplished and wicked actor. There is not in the whole history of the English Kings, a similar instance of a prince forming a  
design





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design upon the crown, laying so able, and deep a scheme, in which were so many obstacles; surmounting them all, and gaining the beloved object in eight weeks! These obstacles would have appeared insurmountable to any eye but Richard's. He had to overcome Rivers and Gray, with all their adherents, who were powerful, and in possession of the sovereign; the potent friends of Edward's family, as Derby, Hastings, York, Ely, &c. but what was singular, he had the most powerful of all, *the people*. Neither was he assisted in this amazing undertaking, by any person of power except the Duke of Buckingham, who was won by delusive promises, never to be fulfilled. He was the step by which Richard mounted the throne, and then destroyed. The fate of every branch of opposition

was determined; the King was committed to prison; Stanley was to be cut off, as if by an accidental blow; the two Bishops seized and confined; Rivers, with the King's friends were solemnly murdered in the face of the sun; Hastings, in a manner unknown in history; and what was astonishing, the people were most unaccountably duped. One circumstance was much in Richard's favour, not one of the heads with which he contended was equal to his own. A bolder display of masterly talents, is no where met with.

Richard being arrived at the regal seat, the ultimate of his wishes, the pinnacle of vanity, I shall close this first part of his life, which has been but little noticed by our historians, with an account of his coronation; from George Buck. This

was



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was the first author who ever durst speak in favour of Richard. He seems to have written the King's life, or rather, his vindication, about a century after the battle of Bosworth, and says many weak things, and false, but more true. Provoked at Henry the Seventh, for his treatment of Sir John Buck, a near relation, taken at Bosworth, and beheaded with Catesby, at Leicester, he takes a decided part against him, and endeavours to exculpate Richard from every charge. If we cannot find the angel in his description of the King, we find the perfection of man.

When the Duke of Buckingham addressed Richard in the pretended name of the nobility and Commons of England, to take the crown; he shily accepted *that* which he most ardently wished for, and replied

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with a serious face, "As they were deter-  
 mined to make him a King, he was resolved  
 to make himself a good one, and desired  
 to live no longer than while he endea-  
 voured to promote the prosperity of the  
 kingdom." Upon this Buckingham and  
 his followers cried out *God save King Rich-  
 ard.* A discerning spectator must have  
 smiled at the farce.

Buckingham, to serve his master, or  
 rather himself, procured a few addresses,  
 wherein particular care was taken to hint at  
 the bastardy of Edward's children, and the  
 attainter of Clarence's. These were deli-  
 vered to the Lords, assembled in Westmin-  
 ster-hall, June 26, 1483. Richard sitting  
 among them in a marble chair, or rather  
 upon the celebrated coronation stone, yet  
 preserved in St. Edward's chapel. He was  
 then

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then declared King, and the next day proclaimed. After which he rode in great pomp from London to Westminster, and placing himself in the royal seat, gave a charge to the judges, in a religious strain, to administer justice. He then approached the abbey, and was met at the door by the monks in procession, when the Abbot delivered into his hand, the sceptre of St. Edward. In this manner, he ascended to St. Edward's chapel, and made an offering at the shrine, while the Monks sung *Te Deum*. He afterwards returned in procession to his palace in London.

The man who is fond of power, is fond of parade; this was Richard's case, or why did he travel from Nottingham to Bosworth Field with his crown upon his head? which, by the way, tends to prove a point

long disputed, that he was not that misshapen monster he is represented. He who is ill-made would rather *bide* than publish his deformity, and nothing makes a man more conspicuous than a crown.

July 4, he went with his Queen by water, to the Tower, where they slept that night, and the next day, the fifth, he rode with his son from the Tower, through the city to Westminster, in the highest degree of splendour, attended by three Dukes, all that England could boast, for Dukes were not then plentiful; nine Earls, twenty-two Viscounts and Barons, eighty Knights, with an innumerable company of 'Squires, and all the officers of the crown, who were to serve at the coronation. This ostentatious parade, was designed to gratify Richard, and amuse the people, for nothing

was

was transacted except conferring honours. The Duke of Buckingham was called *the glory of the day*, for he out-shone the whole company in the richness of his attire. His horse, and himself were dressed in a suit of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, in imitation of fire, which seemed even to kindle, and flame in the sun. The rich trappings hung to the ground, and, being furnished with gold tassels, were supported, like a paul, by footmen in the most costly dresses. His horse, in this gaudy procession, was taught to be as proud as his rider.

This grand cavalcade arriving at Westminster-hall, Richard created his son, Prince of Wales; invested John Lord Howard with the Garter, and created him Duke of Norfolk; this honour was said to be conferred because he was descended from



Edward the First, but *really* because he was a firm friend to Richard. He also made him Earl Marshall of England and High Admiral.

Thomas Howard, his eldest son, was created Earl of Surry, knight of the Garter, and, what is very remarkable, high constable of England, for the day of the coronation only, and at the same time he created the Duke of Buckingham, high constable for life, which he claimed by inheritance. This trifling defect in etiquette seemingly of no moment, was probably the cause of overturning a kingdom, by giving Buckingham the first umbrage, causing his revolt, and raising that tempest which beat down the white rose. The proud spirit of Buckingham could not forgive being denied figuring away, in that important

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ent office, upon the most auspicious day, perhaps in his whole life, and being condemned to bear the train of a man, whom he had really created a King! Though he was made high steward for the coronation, yet, while another was carrying a sceptre, a sword, or a crown, before Majesty, he must be consigned to the humble office of *following* and holding the train. The sudden disgust which seized him, points to this as the first cause.

The King created William Lord Barkley, Earl of Nottingham; Francis Lovell, Viscount Lovell, and Lord Chamberlain. Lord Stanley was restored, and made steward of the household, Thomas Rotherham, Cardinal, and Archbishop of York, who had been committed for delivering the Great Seal to King Edward's widow, was enlarged  
and

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and received into favour by the politic  
Richard, who was sensible of his power.

The King now revived the ancient order  
of the Bath, that he might multiply favours  
to gratify his friends, and dubbed Edward  
de la Pool, son to the Duke of Suffolk, his  
own nephew,

George Gray son to the Earl of Kent

William Zouch, son to the Lord Zouch

Henry Neville, son to Lord Abergavenny

Christopher Willoughby

Henry Bainton

Thomas Bullen

William Say

William Enderby

Thomas de Vernon

Lord William Barkley

Thomas Arundel

Gervis de Clifton

Edmund

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Edmund Beddingfield

Thomas Lucknor

William Barkley of Weley Castle in  
the vicinity of Birmingham

John Brown, and

Another Gentleman of the name of  
Barkley.

Several of the above knights fought  
afterwards for Richard, at Bosworth-field.

And now arrived the most happy day  
in Richard's life, July 6, 1483, a day far  
surpassing even those in which he lost his  
brothers, won a bride, or the battles of  
Barnet and Tewkesbury. The Bishop of  
Rochester led the van of a grand proces-  
sion, from the Tower to Westminster, bear-  
ing the cross; the Cardinal, and the Earl  
of Huntington followed with the gilt spurs;  
then the Earl of Bedford, with St. Ed-  
ward's

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ward's staff; after them the Earl of Northumberland, with a naked sword without a point, the emblem of mercy; Lord Stanley, with a mace, signifying government; the Earl of Kent on the right, and Lord Lovell on the left, each bearing a sword with a point, emblems of Justice: next, the Duke of Suffolk, who had married Richard's sister, with the sceptre; the Earl of Lincoln, son to Suffolk, with the ball and cross: the Earl of Surry as high constable of England, with the sword of state, in a rich scabbard; the Duke of Norfolk, his father, on his right, with the imperial crown: then followed *the King* in a fur-coat and robe of purple, under a canopy borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports, the Bishop of Durham on his right, and the Bishop of Bath on his left; his train, as above, supported by Buckingham,

ham,



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ham, holding a white staff as High Steward of England, but no mention is made this day of his dress; which is, a further evidence that rancour, from disappointment, entered his heart the preceding day.

Then the Queen and her attendants; first an Earl, with the principle sceptre; Viscount Leslie bearing another, with the dove; the Earl of Wiltshire, with the crown; then the Queen, in robes like those of the King, between two Bishops, under a canopy like his, and borne by the Barons: on her head was a coronet, set with diamonds; her train was supported by the countess of Richmond, mother to Henry the Seventh, followed by the King's sister, the Duchess of Suffolk, attended by the Baronesses, and other ladies.

The whole procession entered the west door of the Abbey. The King and Queen only were seated, and the choir sung: then they ascended to the altar, changed their robes, and put on others that were open or slit in various places, to facilitate the idle practice of anointing, which was performed: after this they retreated, and put on cloth of gold, and returned to their seats. The Cardinal Archbishop, assisted by other Bishops, proceeded to the remainder of the ceremony, by putting the sceptre into the King's left hand, the globe into his right, and the imperial crown upon his head. The Queen's sceptre was put into her right hand, that with the dove, into her left. On each side the King stood a Duke, before him, the Earl of Surry, with his sword of state. On each side the Queen, a Bishop, and in front, a lady kneeling. The Cardinal

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dinal then said mass, and gave the blessing: The King and Queen jointly received the Sacrament, at the high altar. Approached St. Edward's shrine, the King offered up his crown, originally belonging to the Saint, and putting on another, returned in the same state into Westminster-hall, and afterwards retired for a small space.

In the interim came in the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshall, superbly mounted, and covered with cloth of gold to the ground, to disperse the croud in the hall.

The coronation being ended, the King and Queen, about four, set down to dinner in the middle of the hall. The Queen on his left, attended by two Countesses. On his right sat the Cardinal Archbishop. The ladies

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ladies were placed at a long table in the middle of the hall, near the King's. The Lord Chancellor and the nobles at another. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with Knights, and gentlemen at others.

When the company were seated, came again the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshall, the Earl of Surry High Constable, Stanley Lord Steward, Sir William Hopton Lord Treasurer of the Household, and Sir Thomas Percy, Comptroller, all on foot, and served the King's table with one dish of gold, and another of silver. The Queen was served in gilt vessels, and the Cardinal in silver dishes.

During the second course, Sir Robert Dymock, the King's champion entered, mounted and caparisoned with all the ornaments



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ments of his office, and proclaimed, "Who-  
 " ever shall say King Richard the Third  
 " was not lawfully King, he would fight  
 " him at all hazards;" and, to ratify the  
 engagement, threw down his gauntlet,  
 then the hall resounded *King Richard, God  
 save King Richard.* He repeated his chal-  
 lenge thrice, when an officer of the cellar  
 brought a gilded cup filled with wine,  
 which he drank and carried away the ves-  
 sel, as his ancient fee. This custom claims  
 its origin from the conquest. Marmion  
 was a powerful Baron, and came over with  
 William, from whom he received many  
 grants, among others, the manor of Scrivle-  
 by, in Lincolnshire, to be held by grand  
 serjeantry; that at every coronation, he or  
 his successors, should, as champions, give  
 a challenge at the King's table, and fight  
 any man who should deny his title. The



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lordship and the office, continued in the Marmions about 300 years, till the extinction of the male line. Coheirs were left; one of them marrying a Dymock, carried both the manor and the office into his family, where they yet remain. Whatever may be the champion's feelings, in this magnanimous challenge, he is as safe on a coronation day, as on any other. If he was ever in danger, it must have been in challenging *Richard's* title, for no King produced a worse. But if fear seizes him in this tremendous undertaking, he has this comfort, that he hides it under a cumberous helmet.

The Heralds then approached, and after pronouncing the word *Largeſſe* three times, departed. When the Lord Mayor of London entered, as Lord chief Butler of England

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land for that day, by ancient prescription, attend by the Sheriffs, and served the royal pair with sweet wines; each receiving a gold cup with a cover as a perquisite. By this time, night being far advanced, the company departed, and Richard bid adieu to the happiest day he must ever behold.

If we examine Richard's character, as it then stood with the world, now in his thirtieth year, we shall find in many instances, it appeared in an amiable light. Wherever he resided, he won the inhabitants. His munificence was great; Lord Bacon says, "beyond his power." His matrimonial dispute with Clarence, terminated to his honour. As a subject, and a brother, he behaved to his sovereign without reproach. Viewed in a martial light, he stood one of the first of the age. An heroic character

## LXXXIV INTRODUCTION.

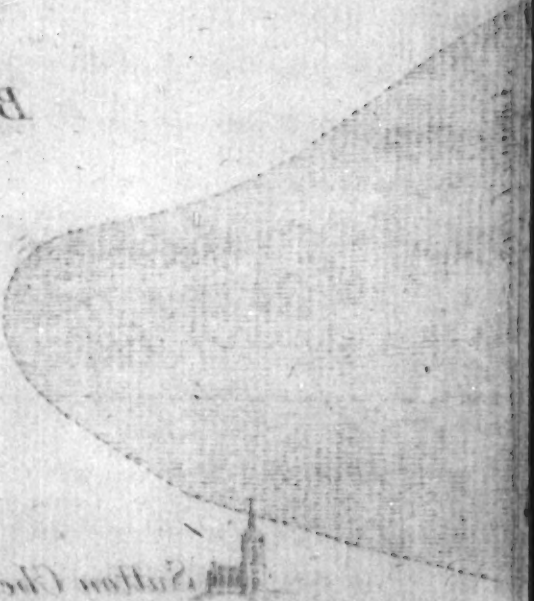
character is peculiarly pleasing to the English. A name thus established, is not instantly destroyed.

But as a counter-balance, there were three matters against him. His private machinations, destructive to Clarence; although these were so artfully conducted, as perhaps not then to affect his character. The death of Hastings in London, and the noblemen at Pontefract, was another, this however, was too recent to be decided upon with precision. But the most material was his seizing the crown to the prejudice of the legal heirs; for though this unjust proceeding was buried in silence, by the hand of power, it rankled in the breasts of the thoughtful. Thus, upon balancing his excellencies and defects, he could not stand ill with the people at his sham election.

NEW YORK



By



Stanton Church

Look

King's

Stanton

Stanton

Stanton







# PLAN OF

Ather  stone

Shanton 

Twweed

Bofw

S.W.  Stanley  
Camp.

Henry's  Camp

Morafs

K. Rich. <sup>d</sup> Lord  
Well Stanley's 

Henry

K.R.

Crown  Hill

Stoke  Gobden

Field.

Twweed

L<sup>d</sup> Sta

# BOSWORTH FIELD



Bosworth

Stanley's

Henry's Army.



K.R.'s Army.

S.W.  
Stanley's



Field.

Dicken's ■ Nook



King Richard's



Camp at Stableton

Ld. Stanley's ■ Camp





## BATTLE, &c.

**M**AN, as an intelligent animal, is continually in quest of events, and marks them with value according to their magnitude. Some of the most interesting we know are military contests. Very few pieces of history demand more attention than the description of a battle. When the lives of thousands, the change of property, and the fate of empires are at stake, no wonder our thoughts are captivated. It follows, the more material the action, the more faithful ought to be the description.

## 2 THE BATTLE OF

Battles are singular periods; productive of strange events. Much may depend upon a trifle, the effects of a trifle may be victory, and the effects of victory, everlasting.

The battle of Bosworth was the last of thirteen between the houses of York and Lancaster; and though it was one of the least, it was of more consequence than the other twelve; nay, the revolutions it caused, were of greater moment than those of any other, since the conquest, for it produced a change in the constitution. Villanage was abolished, the feudal system overturned, commercial treaties were ratified, a spirit of industry encouraged, a flow of wealth was the result, and a kind of equality was established among men.

I must however, intreat the reader's par-



don for troubling him with a battle after a lapse of three hundred years, and which has been described by a multitude of historians. He may reasonably suppose, all that can be said upon this subject, has been said ages past.—But if he peruses with attention, the various authors upon this important point of English history, the following observations will naturally occur—That this battle was never described by an eye witness; nor is it at all surprising, for the private men were as illiterate as the Wednesbury colliers, and perhaps but few of the officers were able to write their names, ignorance, and its companion prejudice, were the characteristics of the day—That, as it originally was fabricated upon hearsay, every subsequent writer, without much enquiry, followed his leader—That it never was described in any age, by one

who had seen the field, because the geography is omitted.---That every describer appears fond of the wonderful. They tell us among other remarkables, of broken armour being found of an enormous size, as if the strength of that age surpassed that of the former. I have seen some, which differ very little from the present, this inclines me to question, whether the wonderfinders might not mistake the head of a spear for that of an arrow---The historians, agreeable to the fashion of the first age, were all favourers of the house of Lancaster. Rapin seems the first who made the remark; hence the house of Tudor is placed in a more amiable light than it deserves, and black as Richard's character was, he is placed in a more detestable; thus we are deceived with a superficial and random history---They also abound with doubtful  
and

and contradictory assertions, some alleging, that Henry was not secure of the Stanleys; that he was obliged to pass a morass; that both armies entered eagerly upon the action; that Richard personally knew Henry; that Henry bravely attempted to close with Richard and kept him at sword's point; that Sir William Stanley brought into the field 5000 men; that Lord Oxford, who commanded Richmond's main body, confined the whole front line within the compass of twenty feet; that 4000 men fell in the action, but only ten of these were Richmond's; that Richard was a little, ugly, feeble, crooked fellow; and that finding all was lost, he rushed into the heat of the battle, that he might not survive the defeat; that his wretched body contained the soul of a devil, and his followers were scoundrels; all which are mistakes.

## 6 THE BATTLE OF

Nor have I ever met with a writer who entered into the subject, or had ever given it his thoughts. The least part of my information was derived from those, who, having professedly treated of the battle, ought to have furnished the most. Our expectations are heightened when we peruse Burton's history of Leicestershire, and find he had every advantage for information; nay, perhaps was the only author that had. He owned, and resided upon the very lordship adjoining the famous field; might have leisurely surveyed the scene, and contemplated the actions performed upon it; had beheld many of the curiosities found on the spot; lived near that period, and personally knew many who actually saw the battle. He might have been master of all the traditions of the country; and able to form a complete system of that singular event, and convey



## BOSWORTH FIELD. 7

vey it to posterity. But how is the expectation disappointed, when his description of that memorable contest which changed the face of things, amounts to nothing! It is owing to this I write. If he ever surveyed the field it was with inattention. If he acquired historical anecdotes, he lost them as he found them; that which is ever in view, is seen without regard---This laborious, and intelligent author, who was able to give us the best relation, has given us one of the most defective.

Interested, even from childhood, in this important event, I enjoyed a pleasure in enquiry. By carefully examining every author I could meet with, I learnt all they knew---I have made several visits, in the space of eighteen years, to the field itself, merely for information, and inspection; I



have also made many enquiries into the traditions in the vicinity of Bosworth Field, and found this the most copious source of intelligence. Though much was lost, much was preserved. If some of the remarks I met with, were crude and contradictory, yet sometimes one little hint ignorantly dropt, set many uncertainties to rights. If new difficulties arose, I read, thought, and travelled for a solution. By carefully comparing the writers, the field, and the traditions, I have attempted to remove some absurdities and place truth on firmer ground. He who has the advantage of three lights ought to see more distinctly than he who has but one.

I do not, however, pretend to enumerate every fact, or warrant the truth of every word; for it must be considered, the period

is

is distant, and many incidents which are material, and would elucidate others, are buried in time. In some parts of the road, I am obliged to follow the footsteps of my predecessors. Where they treat of the interests of Richard or Henry, they must be followed with caution, but where those interests are out of the question, they are much safer guides. When I quit their path, and follow my own, I shall be attentive to punctuality. In history, as in mathematics, from one known position another may be drawn; and from two that are wrong, may sometimes be drawn a right. Truth is the grand mark of the historian; he who says the best things, says the truest.

The prince who possesses a throne by unfair means, finds it an uneasy seat. This was the case with William the First, with  
Stephen,

Stephen, John, and Henry the Fourth,

That right was wanting which is ever necessary to secure a firm possession. But of

all defective titles, that of Richard the Third seems the worst, and his reign the most uneasy. We know of but two lawful

roads to a crown, the choice of the people, and an hereditary claim; that of conquest being no other than a robbery; he possessed

neither. It is surprizing that Richard, who was a man of sense, and an able reasoner, should so far forget himself, as to cast an eye upon a diadem while there were ten

persons before him, exclusive of Edward the Fourth who held it, all in youth and health. But if we examine his unbound-

less ambition, the surprize ceases. Though his body was small, that ambition grew to a gigantic height, and attempted to overlook ten heads. He shrewdly judged, if he

could

could acquire power, it would be no difficult thing to cut those heads shorter. I doubt not, but his conscience would have suffered him to destroy one half of the kingdom, to have swayed the sceptre over the other. A predominant passion is a bold trait in some characters; favourable incidents occur, which draw this leading power into action. The love of *liberty* was the grand feature in the great *Hampden's*, and this was called forth by his elevated station. Had he been placed in an humble sphere, he would have been no more than the barber of the village----*Cruelty* shone with dreadful lustre in the famous Kouli-Khan's; which, had he held the plough, instead of the sword, would have displayed itself in hanging dogs, whipping horses, torturing flies, watching for sentence at the Old Bailey, or following the judge on his circuit;

the



12 THE BATTLE OF

the ruling passion of Henry, after he grasped the sceptre was *avarice*. Had he moved in a fervile state, he would like other misers, the dregs of existence, have denied himself common support, dined upon offals, and his small savings would at his death, have been found in a rag. And Richard's was *ambition*. This is a laudable passion when guided by reason, but being possessed in the extreme, and under no controul; it proved destructive to many, and in the end to himself.

But ambition would have lain dormant for ever, even in Richard, and his character been saved, but for the assistance of Henry Stafford duke of Buckingham, a man of florid abilities, much power, and more pride; who, like the great Earl of Warwick, expected to make and unmake kings



at pleasure, he alone set the crown on Richard's head; not out of love to the king, but himself. Buckingham thought, like other men, his wages could not be too great, and Richard thought the same, before the work was done; but there is nothing more common than to throw by a tool which has performed all we wanted. How far these degraded characters had driven a bargain, never fully appeared to the world; but all agree, and with reason, that Buckingham wished a moiety of the Hereford estate, vested in the crown, and Richard cherished the wish. Perhaps he solicited for the whole, and was disappointed by receiving only a part—Humphry Bohun Earl of Hereford was immensely rich, possessing more than forty lordships, about 2300*l.* per annum. He had two daughters; Ann married to Thomas Duke of Gloucester, son of Edward the

Third,

## 14. THE BATTLE OF

Third, and Mary, to Henry the Fourth; grandson to Edward; the uncle and the nephew married two sisters. Ann was great grandmother to the Duke of Buckingham. As co-heirs, they divided this vast fortune. Richard the Second, after the murder of his uncle Gloucester, took his effects, and the whole became the property of the crown, till the death of Henry the Sixth, when that line expired; all the estate therefore ought to have reverted back to the heirs of Ann, consequently Buckingham had a right to all. For though Richard the Third succeeded to the throne, he could not succeed to the private property of a former king. Buckingham took umbrage. When one man serves another in a base cause, the reward frequently produces disgust, and disgust, by artful management, may be blown into wrath, as a spark into a flame.

During

During the protectorate of Richard, John Morton, Bishop of Ely, an able counsellor, but an enemy to the protector, had been arrested, and committed prisoner to Brecknock castle, under the care of Buckingham. Perceiving the duke dissatisfied, he by insensible degrees, improved that dislike into revenge. He represented the tyranny of Richard; the dreadful effects of civil wars, with which England had long been afflicted, and pressed the duke in his great wisdom to find out a cure. Moreton himself had found the remedy, and darkly pointed it out to the duke that he might have the credit of the invention, which would the better secure his assistance.

Between the duke and the prelate, one of whom had power, the other a head, it was agreed, that the duke's interest should  
be

be thrown into the Lancastrian scale; that the Earl of Richmond, heir of that house, should marry Elizabeth, heiress of that of York, his fourth cousin, which would put a period to blood; and that the friends of both, should unite in deposing Richard. The scheme was relished by all parties, and Moreton was suffered to fly to the continent to promote it.

Richmond had long been an exile at Vannes, in the Duke of Brittany's dominions, to avoid the vengeance of the house of York. Edward the Fourth wished to have him in his power, to prevent any future operations against his family, but alas! how little can we foresee events? he never imagined, the greatest enemy to his family was his own brother at home!---Richard suspected this matrimonial design, and took  
the



the measures of an able statesman to prevent it.

The Duke of Brittany furnished Henry with men, money, and ships, to make a descent on the West of England, where he was to be aided by the Courneys, and their adherents. The Duke of Buckingham also, was to join them with a body of Welch, but events were unfavourable to their scheme, and seemed to unite in securing Richard on the throne---Richmond's fleet was dispersed in a storm, and himself in the utmost danger of being taken prisoner. Buckingham, who meant to pass the Severn at Gloucester, was prevented by the greatest inundation ever known. It lasted ten days; during which time, the country not being able to furnish his Welch army with provisions, nor he with money, it moul-



dered away, while the Duke with one servant, was obliged to hide himself from the man he had lately armed with power and then offended. The confederacy in Devonshire and Cornwall, terrified at his disaster, disappeared without a blow; the private men laid down their arms, some of the gentlemen fled, others were taken and executed; among whom, was Sir Thomas St. Leger, who had married Richard's sister, the Duchess of Exeter. All this happened in October 1483, only four months after the Duke had set the crown on Richard's head. Destitute of relief, and of safety, the unfortunate Duke recollected an old servant, who owed him many obligations, named Ralph Bannister, of Lacon-hall, near Wem, in Shropshire, the ancient seat of the Bannisters, to this gentleman he fled in disguise for shelter. Richard offered a thousand

land pounds for discovering him, and Bannister, either for fear of Richard's resentment, or love of his reward, discovered him to John Mitton sheriff of the county; who, with a posse, surrounded Bannister's premises, and seized the Duke, disguised like a peasant, in an old piled black cloak, and hid in a little orchard, near the house----

He was conducted to Shrewsbury, where Richard then kept his court, and suffered to live while he confessed all he knew, but not to use any means to save his life, for he earnestly entreated to see the king, that he might plead his past services, which were unparelleled, or offer his future, which might still be great, and also his alliance of blood, for they were both descended from Edward the Third in the fifth degree; but this was denied. For Richard considered *that* power was too great to be trusted with

any man, which was able to make a king! for which reason he could not be forgiven, therefore expressly ordered Mitton to behead him, on Sunday Nov. 2d. in Shrewsbury market-place. This was performed upon the spot, now covered by the buttercross, at the top of Pride-hill, where, eighty years before, Percy, Earl of Worcester, Trussell, Lord Kinderton, and Sir Richard Vernon, were beheaded by Henry the Fourth when Hotspur fell--- Thus, Richard, acquired stability by misfortune, a well laid plan was destroyed by the floods, and Buckingham lost his life by a king of his own creating. But Hollingshead tells us that Bannister, who had betrayed his master, never received a shilling of the thousand pounds; for which, Richard is said to have given this reason, "that he did not deserve it. " For the man who had betrayed so good a  
" friend,

"friend, would betray any one else." But, perhaps, a better reason was, that the king had not a thousand to give. He was constrained through mere poverty, to sell the crown plate, a few months before, consisting of 275 pounds, 4 ounces, for 3*s.* 4*d.* an ounce, to pay a body of 4000 sorry troops, hired from the North, to secure his coronation. But the truth is, he gave Bannister the manor of Yalding in Kent, late the Duke's, to hold by knight's service. Bannister possessed this lordship about eighteen months, when Henry the Seventh rescinded the grant, seized the manor, and restored it to Buckingham's son, the legal owner.

Whether the Duke was privy to the murder of Edward the Fifth and his brother, will for ever remain a secret; but I suppose he was not, because Richard durst not ven-



ture to disclose an affair of so vile a nature, to the first subject in the kingdom, which must have been opened with caution even to a common rascal; neither was his assistance necessary. Works of darkness are best performed by a few; besides, he had already done more for Richard than the earldom of Hereford was worth, and all that Richard could bestow. Nor was private murder any part of the Duke's character, which was composed of choler, ambition, honour, and revenge.

While Henry remained at Vannes, we behold a curious political picture, of a prince and his minister, or if you please, a master and servant, in the persons of the Duke of Brittany and Peter Landoise, both striving which should make his market of Henry, a young captive; and we behold two



able politicians, in the persons of Richard and Henry, circumventing each other for a crown. They both knew as well as Sir Robert Walpole, that every man had his price, and that he who is possessed of the means of temptation, may easily carry his end. Henry having nothing to give the servant but the empty promises of a future king, of no weight with a foreign subject, was not able to establish a contract. But the case was otherwise with the master, he received Henry's promises as currency, and in turn engaged to assist him. On the other hand, Richard not giving the master so much as Henry promised, was not able to succeed; when, like the sons of Jacob, he attempted the servant, and not only carried presents, and money in the sack's mouth, but even filled the sack, which instantly won him. Richard was to give Landoise

all the annual profits arising from the earldom of Richmond, and Landoise, on his part was to deliver the Earl a prisoner to Richard---Thus the king of England, and the minister of Brittany, famous for cunning, outwitted Henry, though a match for both, and thus the Duke, like many a sovereign prince, was a cypher in his own dominions, and Landoise, like many a servant, governed his master.

This treaty would have been fatal to Henry had not his faithful friend, the Bishop of Ely, discovered it, and apprised him of his danger. He instantly departed privately, but we are told, he had not quitted the Duke's dominions one hour, before Landoise's people arrived at the spot.

Richard

Richard, having penetrated to the bottom of Henry's plan, to marry Elizabeth, and unite the two houses against him, instantly saw his own ruin. He wished to frustrate the scheme, and as he could not break it by getting the Earl into his power, he seemed determined to break it by marrying Elizabeth himself. This would have been too difficult for any man to accomplish, except Richard, for he had already a wife. Henry, chagrined at the loss of a future bride, or rather, a future crown, attempted to marry the sister of Sir Walter Herbert, a powerful Welchman; and as the Earl of Northumberland had married another sister, he expected to unite two potent families with his Lancastrian friends, to assist him in mounting the throne. Henry, to whom the whole sex was indifferent, was so fond of royalty, he would have sacrificed

crificed domestic happiness, and married even a mother Shipton, or a witch of Endor, for a crown; and Richard equally fond, would freely have consigned his soul to eternal perdition.

Driven from the court of Brittany, Henry applied to that of France, under Charles the Eighth, was received with kindness, and spent near two years soliciting succours, for another attack upon the crown. A man of less ambition, and less penetration than he, would have given up every thought of a future attempt, and considered, from the ill success of the last, the fates, and the elements were against him. However, in July 1485, he accomplished part of his wish, and obtained a small crew of men. Phillip de Commins, who saw this crew, declared them the worst he had ever

beheld,



beheld, and undeserving the name of soldiers. They were the scum of the French nation, the sweepings of gaols, hospitals, and the streets, and sent to England, as we formerly sent people to America, afterwards to the hulks, on the Thames, and now to Botany-bay. They are charged with bringing over that dreadful scourge, called the *sweating sickness*, which sorely afflicted this country like the plague, for half a century.

It is not in the nature of court policy for the French heartily to assist the English. By faint assistance, discord is promoted and a rival kingdom weakened, so that all fear of opposition is dispelled. While we tear each other to pieces, as in the contest between York, and Lancaster, and between Charles the First and his parliament, the French look



silently on. If we do the dreadful work ourselves, there is no need of their help. Interference would only promote a union, as in the barons wars, in the beginning of Henry the Third. But if a competitor arises, as in the case of the Chevalier, in 1715, and in that of his son, in 1745, they may amuse with promises, but it is their interest to throw in no more fuel than will keep up the flame. Religion may be the pretended motive, but the French will never quarrel with the English for being protestants, but being powerful; they have by silent steps, for many years, been turning protestants themselves.

In all disputes determinable by the sword, both parties appeal to the people as the ultimate source of strength. Charles the First on one side, and the House of Commons

mons on the other, attempted this great acquisition, by repeated addresses. Stephen, being able to win the people, won the crown; and James the Second, for want of that ability, lost it. That ingenious antiquary Sir John Fenn, who calls back departed ages, and brings the distance of 300 years as perfectly to view as yesterday, gives us a curious letter from Richard to the people of England, dated at Westminster, June 23, 1485, wherein he artfully persuades them "to resist Henry Tudor, "and his attainted traitors; whom he pronounces murderers, adulterers, extortioners, rebels to God, honour, and nature; "who obey his ancient enemy the French king; and under Henry their bastard leader, begotten in double adultery, intend "to enter his kingdom, and, by conquest, "dispoil his subjects of life, liberty, and goods;

“goods; to destroy all the honourable blood  
“in the realm, and seize their possessions,  
“therefore advises every man to lift up his  
“hand against them. He tells them the French  
“king lends assistance, in consideration of  
“Normandy, Anjou, Mayne, Gascoign,  
“Guyfnes, Cassell, Hams, Callis, and the  
“marches being given up, and the arms of  
“France for ever being dislevered from those  
“of England; and that Henry had already  
“bestowed upon the enemies of the king-  
“dom, the bishopricks, and spiritual digni-  
“ties, with the duchies, earldoms, baronies,  
“and inheritances of knights, esquires, and  
“gentlemen; that the old English laws are  
“to be abolished, and those of a tyrant esta-  
“blished among the people. That Henry  
“Tudor and his wicked followers will com-  
“mit the most horrid murders, slaughters,  
“and robberies, that ever were heard of in

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"a christian country; every true English-  
 "man therefore, is commanded to furnish  
 "himself with arms, to oppose the rebels,  
 "in defence of his wife, children, and pos-  
 "sessions; and the king himself will cou-  
 "rageously expose his most royal person,  
 "to every labour and hazard, to subdue  
 "their enemies, and comfort his faithful  
 "subject; and calls forth every man to de-  
 "fend his king in battle."

Two powerful weapons may be em-  
 ployed against an enemy, the pen, and the  
 sword: Richard was master of the two.  
 The sword is supported by courage, and  
 skill; he had both. The pen conquers by  
 truth, and ability, here he had but one, for  
 his whole fabric being founded in falsehood,  
 it could not be aided by truth. -- Richard  
 had evidently three points to carry in this

Richard

circular



circular letter, to depreciate his antagonist, to persuade his subjects that the invaders were more *their* enemies than *his*, and, by terrifying the people, to crowd his standard.

Schemes of human invention acquire credit or discredit, not according as they are well or ill-laid, but according to their good or ill success. No plan could be better formed than that of Henry and the Duke of Buckingham to join in the West. None could succeed worse. Of all the ill-laid schemes we meet with in history, none was more absurd than that of William the Conqueror's making a descent upon this country, and yet he is never censured by our historians because it proved successful. Lord Bacon says "there is nothing easier than to direct, blame, or applaud, when a thing is past, nothing harder before it is begun."

Richard



Richard was the deepest politician of the age, Henry excepted. His wicked plans were well laid, and cautiously executed. If they ever miscarried, it was not owing to himself, but to those he was obliged to trust. He is accused for want of prudence, in not opposing to the two Stanleys a body of men; as his army was nearly equal to Richmond's, and both theirs; but this is a false accusation as will afterwards appear. The same objection is exhibited against him for laying up his ships after Henry and Buckingham miscarried, and with some reason; for had his fleet continued to traverse the seas, Richmond would have found a second attempt difficult. But even this oversight admits a powerful excuse. Richard knew he already stood ill with his people, that nothing soured them like taxes; and as a fleet could

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not

not be supported without, he was unwilling to burden them. Thus necessity made a bad man a good king.

Sunday, July 31, 1485, we behold Henry at the head of his crew, consisting of 2000, set sail from Harfleur, and on Saturday the 6th of August, arrive at Milford Haven. He marched through Wales, by Dell, Haverfordwest, Cardigan, Newtown, and Welch Pool, to Shrewsbury.

As he designed for London, we may be surprized at first view, why he took this indirect road? But Henry's sagacious head furnished many weighty reasons. He was of Welch name and extraction, was descended from the ancient British kings, had many relations, and great interest there; and the farther he passed through that country, the more strength he would gain.

He was more likely to command a passage over the Severn at Shrewsbury, than either at Bristol, Chepstow, Gloucester, Worcester, Bewdley, or Bridgnorth. He might also, from the fate of the unfortunate Buckingham, wish to avoid the Severn at a broad water; besides, as the Stanleys were northern gentlemen, they could the easier assist him.—The scheme answered, for he was joined by many powerful chiefs; as Richard Griffith, Arnold Butler, John Morgan, Sir Walter Herbert, Rice-ap-Thomas, &c. each with a little army.

He was at first denied access into Shrewsbury, by the bailiff, Thomas Mitton; of the same family as he, who two years before, had faithfully served Richard, as sheriff for the county, in seizing, and executing the Duke of Buckingham. In this

gentleman, we behold the true nature, consequence, and bounds of an oath. He had willingly sworn fealty to Richard; but finding it inconvenient to keep his oath, cunningly devised a way to save his credit, and cheat the Almighty. I shall relate the anecdote in the words of an old author, quoted by Phillips. "When the Earle of Rychmoond came to the towne of Shros-  
"berie the gates were shutt against hym  
"and the pullys let downe; so the Earl's  
"messengers came to the Welch gate com-  
"manding them to open the gates to theyre  
"right Kynge. But maister Myttoon made  
"answere, being head Bayley, and a stoute  
"royste genletman, saying, that he knew  
"no Kynge but only Kynge Richard,  
"whose lyffetenants, he and his fellows  
"were, and before he should enter there,  
"he should goe over hys belly, meaning  
"thereby



“ thereby, that he would be slayne to the  
 “ grounde, and so to run over hym before  
 “ he entered, and that he protestyd vche-  
 “ mently uppon the oathe he had tacken;  
 “ and so the sayd Earle returnyd with hys  
 “ companye back againe to a vylledge cal-  
 “ lyd Forton 3 myles and a halfe from  
 “ Shrosberie, where he lay that night, and  
 “ in the morning followyng, there came  
 “ Embassadōres to speak wyth the Baylyff,  
 “ requesting to passe quyetye, and that  
 “ the Erle theyre maister dyd not meane to  
 “ hurte the towne, nor none theroyne, but  
 “ to go to try hys ryght, and that he pro-  
 “ mysed further, that he would save hys  
 “ othe, and hym, and hys fellows harmlys.  
 “ Upon thys they entered, and the sayd  
 “ Mytton lay alonge the grounde wyth hys  
 “ belly uppwards, and soe the said Erle  
 “ stepped



"stepped over hym and saved hys othe."—

The loser is the rebel. Had Buckingham been fortunate, instead of suffering by the axe, *he* also might have stepped over Mitton's belly.

Richard having information that a storm was gathering, but not knowing where it might fall, kept his court at Nottingham castle, the centre of the kingdom, that he might not be far from the scene of action. But his late success, and his having secured the princess Elizabeth, made him despise the Earl, and consider his attempts as madness. And though he suspected many of his nobles; yet, since Buckingham's defeat, he could not find one able to give him disturbance. Though hated, it was by men of little power.

Lord

Lord Stanley seemed to stand first in his suspicions, but was much inferior to the Duke. He had been firm to Edward the Fourth, and afterwards to his children; had gone every length with his friend Hastings, in favour of the protector, even to the butchery of the queen's relations; at Pontefract; but he could not consent to Richard's mounting the throne at the expence of the young princes; therefore Richard ordered him to be dispatched by one of the ruffians, with a battle-ax, as if without design, at the council board, when Hastings fell, but he escaped destruction by sinking under the table.—He had also married the Countess of Richmond, mother to the Earl, and when he desired to quit the court upon private affairs, Richard obliged him to leave his eldest son the Lord Strange, as an hostage for his future conduct. This import-

ant pledge convinced Richard, that Stanley durst not act against him were he willing.— There is nothing easier than for a man to reason himself into security.

But as a cautious man, among enemies, should be ever on his guard, he sent to Herbert and ap-Thomas, to oppose the Earl, with all their power, if he came that way. He also ordered his distant friends to be in readiness, and stationed post horses at every twenty miles, to facilitate intelligence.

Richard was fond of Nottingham castle, often resided there, had erected a turret on the eminence, where the present castle stands, and called it *the castle of care*. While he kept his court there, he endeavoured to gain the friendship of the neighbouring gentry, and persuaded several to join him;

particularly Sir Gervis Clifton, whom, at his coronation, he had created Knight of the Bath.

As the Earl marched with expedition, the first certain news that Richard heard was, that the Welchmen had not only suffered him to pass unmolested, but even favoured his pretensions, and that he was arrived without molestation, at Shrewsbury.

Here Richard's affairs took a serious turn, he perceived his friends were forsaking him, that they promised much, and did little, his prognostications were unfavourable, anger and vengeance united in his face, his good humour fled and never returned.

The king sent for the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Surry, and the Earl of North-  
umberland



umberland, to join him, and ordered Sir Robert Brackenbury, lieutenant of the Tower, "to bring Sir Thomas Boucher, and Sir Walter Hungerford, with all the forces they could instantly muster;" for as he thought Richmond would pursue his road to London, by the Watling-Street, he resolved to meet him and give him battle.

The uncertainty of the place where Richmond would land, and the rapidity of his progress, rendered it impossible for Richard to complete his forces. His friends were scattered, because he knew not where to assemble them. None of the above commanders were with him at Nottingham. Norfolk, Surrey, and Brackenbury, probably joined him at the camp, at Stableton, and Northumberland at the field. Fenn gives

particulars

us



us a short, but curious letter from the Duke to Sir John Paston, sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, which, though without a date, must have been written, only a few days before the battle; wherein he tells the sheriff, "that the enemy was landed, "that the king would march on Tuesday "August 16th, and that he himself, the "same night should rest at Bury (St. Edmunds) in his way to the army, and desires the sheriff to meet him at Bury with the men he had promised the king, and bring besides, as large a company of tall men as he could procure, dressed in jackets of the Duke's livery, and he would reimburse his expence, when they met."

It appears from this letter, which was perhaps the last he wrote, that the uniform of the royal army was the jacket, and the colour

colour of each party, was the livery of their chief.

Whether Paston joined the Duke at Bury is uncertain, but from the shortness of the time, I suppose he did not; and besides, a year after, he was employed by Henry, to seize Lovell as a traitor, which supposes, Henry did not think *him* one.

Henry made no stay at Shrewsbury; he wisely judged that lingering would weaken the spirit of enterprize, and diminish his army. Though possessed of no personal courage, he wished to strike, and not wait to be struck.

Leaving Shrewsbury, he encamped at night on a little hill by Newport, when Sir Gilbert Talbot, sheriff of Shropshire,  
uncle,

uncle, and guardian to the Earl of Shrewsbury, a minor, joined him with 2000 men, the power of their house with that of his office.

He arrived at Stafford, where he and Sir William Stanley had a private interview, not so much on his own account, as his brother's, who durst not appear because of his son.

At Lichfield he passed the night in his camp, without the walls; and next morning was joyfully received into the town, which the Lord Stanley, two days before, had evacuated as if flying before him.

The king hearing Henry was encamped at Lichfield, would have marched on Monday August 15, but that day being the assumption

assumption of our lady, perhaps through fear of becoming unfortunate, by incurring her displeasure, he deferred it till the 16th, when he marshalled his troops in Nottingham market-place, and marched them in exact order, to Leicester, twenty-five miles distant, where he probably arrived the same day, chusing rather to rest his men after a fatiguing march, than fight them after an easy one; besides, time was necessary to take measures. They chiefly consisted of foot, which he separated into two divisions; the first marched five in a rank, then followed the baggage, then himself, gorgeously dressed, upon a large white courser, richly caparisoned, attended by his body guards; afterwards, the second division, five a breast, as before. The horse also being divided,

formed



formed the wings, and kept near the centre.

This ostentatious parade was to shew his power to the greatest advantage, to deceive the eye, and intimidate the enemy. Richard's wire-drawn army, would cover the road, at least three miles; they would be more than an hour in marching out of Nottingham, and as long in entering Leicester, so that to a common observer, his numbers would seem prodigious. His countenance all the way indicated a troubled mind, and his words declared vengeance. He entered Leicester in all the pomp he could assume, a little after sun set,

In the north-gate street, yet stands a large handsome half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other, formerly

an



an inn, the *Blue Boar*; hence, an adjoining street derives its name, now corrupted into *Blubber-lane*. In one of the apartments Richard rested that night. The room seems to have been once elegant, though now in disuse. He brought his own bedstead, of wood, large and in some places gilt. It continued there 200 years after he left the place, and its remains are now in the possession of Alderman Drake. It had a wooden bottom, and under that a false one, of the same materials, like a floor, and its under ceiling. Between these two bottoms was concealed, a quantity of gold coin, worth about 300*l.* of our present money, but then worth many times that sum. Thus he personally watched his treasure, and slept on his military chest. Thorsby tells us "this inn was kept in the reign of "queen Elizabeth, by one Clarke, whose  
"wife

“ wife hastily making the bed, a piece of  
“ gold dropt out, which led to a discovery of  
“ the rest; some, the king’s own coin. Clerk  
“ suddenly grew rich with the spoils of  
“ Richard, became mayor of the town, and,  
“ at his death, left a fat and wealthy widow.  
“ Her servant maid in 1613, conspiring with  
“ her sweetheart, robbed and murdered the  
“ mistress, for which they were both  
“ brought to justice, and executed.” So  
that Richard’s property proved as unfortunate as himself. This room seems to have  
been the last he ever entered, and the bed,  
the last in which he slept.

On the 17th he marched out of Leicester,  
with the same parade he had marched in,  
expecting to meet his rival at Hinckley.  
He arrived that night at Elmsthorp, eleven  
miles. As accommodations could not be

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found

found in a village, his officers slept in the church, the usual place for sleeping.

Finding he was too early for Henry, he altered his route, and turning towards the right, marched on the 18th to Stableton, six miles, pitched his camp on some grounds called *the Bradshaws*, and, as a security, cast up a breast-work, 300 yards long, and about 50 behind his camp; which with other operations of great labour, prove his stay could not have been less than three days. The camp consisted of two lines. The situation is admirable; not on a hill, but an eminence, fit for observation or contest; a mile and a half east of Bosworth-Field, and two from the top of Amyon-hill, the scene of action. No enemy could approach unseen.

Henry having rested one day at Lich-  
field,

field, departed towards Tamworth, about six miles.

Hungerford and Boucher, two knights, who were ordered to attend Richard, deserted Brakenbury their leader, a little beyond Stoney-Stratford; and taking their route through Daventry, Coventry, Birmingham, and Sutton, joined Richmond's army, in the midway between Lichfield and Tamworth; as did also the next day, Aug. 19, Sir John Savage, Sir Bryan Sandford, Sir Simon Digby, &c.

Savage brought with him a body of troops in white coats and hoods, which is the only uniform mentioned on the side of Richmond. These men, three days after, composed part of Richmond's left, which was commanded by Savage.



There are two ways by which an historian deceives his reader; one is by relating false facts; which, if ignorantly done, is a fault, but if with design, a greater; the other is by misrepresenting true ones. Words are the vehicle by which ideas are conveyed. Every thought should impress the reader, exactly in the same manner it did the writer, if it does not, it is imperfectly conveyed. We are given to understand that " Henry immersed in thought, while  
" marching between Lichfield and Tam-  
" worth, lingered behind his people, and it  
" became so dark, he could not discover their  
" footsteps, nor hear the sound of the multi-  
" tude; but wandered backwards and for-  
" wards, and durst not enquire his way, for  
" fear of Richard's scouting parties; and  
" that he afterwards found a little village  
" three miles from Tamworth, where he  
" abode



"abode the whole night without daring to ask a question." Here we are taught to believe, that Henry *accompanied* his army, which began its march at the verge of night; for it is not more than two hours walk between the two places, even at Henry's musing pace. But the truth is, he did not depart from Lichfield with his people, nor till the evening. They were arrived at Tamworth long before he set off. What detained him, we are not told, but we may easily believe it was something relating to his interest. Nor were there any scouting parties employed by either. This was known to both. Each had their spies, and were well apprized of each other's movements. Henry knew he was doubly secure, for his own army was between Richard and himself, and the two Stanleys between both; if there was danger, it must arise from the inhabitants of the village being friends to

Richard; but this idea vanishes when we consider that his body guards, which were twenty light horse, could easily overpower a village. Entering Wittington common, two miles from Lichfield, the road branches into two parts; here a stranger, better versed in the country than Henry, and less musing, might easily be lost. This must have been the erring spot, because there is hardly another in this little journey that would admit of a mistake, and the village at which he slept, if he did sleep, must have been Wittington, about a mile distant, and half one to the left of the road he ought to have pursued; because no other can come within the description.

If Henry was deep in thought left Lord Stanley, pressed by the interest of his son, durst not join him to augment his army, what must have been his thoughts at Wittington, when that army itself, was in dan-

ger

ger of a dissolution! Stanley's junction, which had engrossed his thoughts, was an object of great importance, but this was now lost in a greater. That was now become a small stake, but this was his all. Henry was the soul of the army, which, if taken away, the body must crumble. There was a chance even without Stanley, but none without himself. Consternation seized the officers for the absence of their leader; they endeavoured to conceal their amazement for fear of fatal consequences, but were not able. Henry, sensible of the error committed, and its tendency, did all in his power to repair it, by finding his way to Tamworth, as early as twilight would allow.

No man living knew better than he how to turn untoward events to his advantage.

He told his people, " he had stept out of  
" the road with *design* to converse with some  
" gentlemen in his interest." Thus one  
little falshood strengthened that system  
which was upon the point of dissolving.

Though he *followed* his army to Tam-  
worth, he *left* it before them; for he set  
out in a few hours to Atherstone, nine miles,  
attended as before, by his private guards;  
which is a farther proof there was no fear  
of scouting parties.

If he arrived at the end of his journey by  
day light, which, from the shortness of the  
way, and from the last night's disappoint-  
ment, we may easily conclude, he might  
have a view of the important field of blood,  
and Richard on the right, forming his  
camp; the distance is eight or nine miles,  
the



the intermediate country is flat, Amyon-hill, approached from Atherstone, has the appearance of a mountain, and the Bradshaws were not obstructed from the fight, by the growth of timber.

His early arrival at Atherstone seems to have been a pre-concerted plan between him and the Stanleys, who all three met at night, Aug. 20, secretly in a little close. Though they were firmly united in one cause, it was from different motives. Lord Stanley hated Richard for the cruel attack he had made, two years before, upon his life, for the murder of his friend Hastings, and the young Princes; but durst not espouse Henry's cause for the danger of his son. The persuasions of a wife he loved, and his own sentiments, combated the tender feelings of a father. Impelled by love and inclination



inclination, prevented by parental affection, if he did not serve Richmond he could not rest satisfied, if he did, he would lose his son. The husband, the friend, and the father, the most sacred ties we know, opposed each other even to destruction. Henry, dazzled with ambition, viewed matters in a different light; he felt for no man; a crown was the prize, and high calling, for which he pressed forward, and if he could attain it, no matter by what means. Neither the distress of the father, nor the danger of the son, could affect him. Sir William, a man of great honour, despised Richard's actions, and had a friendship for Henry, to which we may add, a small share of ambition. What passed at this triumvirate council of war, never appeared to the light, but it is plain from succeeding events, it was resolved, "That the Stanleys should

" seem

“ seem to avoid him, as if friends to Rich-  
“ ard. That Richmond should march di-  
“ rectly to the field. That Lord Stanley  
“ should keep at a distance on the right, and  
“ Sir William on the left. That when  
“ the two armies of Richard and Henry  
“ were drawn up face to face, Lord Stanley  
“ should form, and cover the opening be-  
“ tween Richard’s left and Richmond’s  
“ right, and Sir William do the same on the  
“ opposite side, but join neither; so that  
“ when the four armies were marshalled  
“ they would form a hollow square. That  
“ while the king and the earl were engag-  
“ ed, the two brothers should stand neuter,  
“ That if the Earl could overcome the  
“ King,” which was probable, for they knew  
Northumberland, who commanded a large  
body for Richard, would decline fighting,  
“ they should not interfere; but if Richard  
“ proved

"proved too powerful, they should run all hazards and assist Henry." This politic measure was to serve as a future subterfuge; for though Richard might be vanquished, he might recover his former power, and they be subjected to punishment. They never thought of an event so unusual as a king falling in battle.

It is scarcely in the power of wisdom to form a more complete scheme, or in that of fortune to make one more prosperous. They did the king more mischief, by suspense, and by destroying his plans, than if they had openly joined Henry.

After these resolutions, which carried the destruction of Richard, the two brothers departed, each to his corps; for Richmond's forces had already entered Atherstone, and  
were

were encamped in the meadow, north of the church, from thence denominated *the Royal Meadow*. Henry's head quarters was the Three Tuns, which is the same house and the same Three Tuns at this day. It was then undoubtedly the best Inn in Atherstone; this will give the curious observer an idea of a *Royal Inn*, in the time of Richard the Third, and the gradual progress of improvement, to the reign of George the Third. When he surveys this inn, he will think with me, that Henry slept one night, at least, in the black hole. I have made particular enquiries after the little close, where the whole system of British politics underwent a change, and where the fate of nations was determined; but although this dark, and decisive council-room has undergone no remove, tradition has lost it. By an accident



## 52 THE BATTLE OF

cident, however, it afterwards appeared to be the *Hall-Close*, something less than two acres, one hundred yards behind the *Three Tuns*, joining the *Colehill* road on the left, through which the canal now passes.

The forces of the two brothers had that day marched towards the field. Lord Stanley seemed to fly to Richard for protection, and took his march through *Lindley*, *Higham*, and *Stoke*, to an eminence one mile beyond, called *Gamble's-Close*; upon the ridge of which, the vestiges of his camp are yet visible. This well chosen spot is about six furlongs behind Richard's, and rather on his left. A small rivulet dignified with the name of *Tweed*, glides through the valley between the two camps, which supplied both with water. I was surprized

to



to find the breast-work behind that of the king, where there appeared no danger, and none in the front, where he might be exposed to Henry. This fortification, therefore, must have been constructed for a guard against Lord Stanley; which proves Richard's strong suspicions of that nobleman.

Sir William took his route through Shanton, approached the field on the west, or opposite side to the king and Lord Stanley, and pitched his camp at the foot of Amyon-hill, half a mile from the summit; the traces are yet to be seen, part in the wood, and part in Hewett's ground. The cunning brothers, while strictly faithful to Henry, seemed closely to attend Richard; and Lord Stanley, who had most to lose, attended the closest. Thus were the four commanders situated on the night of the 20th, Richard encamped

encamped two miles east of Amyon-hill, Lord Stanley three quarters of a mile towards his rear, Sir William, at the foot of the hill, on the opposite side, and Henry at Atherstone.

The armies were now too near each other to avoid a battle, *neither* could retreat without the utmost hazard. Henry had very little doubt of Richard's fighting; because his courage had been often tried; he had much at stake, and a superior force. But Richard had some doubt of Henry; because he was wholly inexperienced, bore no character as a soldier, and his power was defective. If he should attempt to continue his route for London. Richard could instantly march his troops towards Hinckley, and attack him on the road. But circumvention had no share in this contest,

test, each seemed to *seek* the other to fight him.

Burton tells us, that his great great grand father, John Hardwick, of Lindley, near Bosworth, a man of very short stature, but active, and courageous, tendered his service to Henry, with some troops of horse, the night he lay at Atherstone, became his guide to the field, advised him in the attack, and how to profit by the sun and the wind. I have conversed with several of his descendants, who seemed to hint, that by John's contrivance, Henry won the battle; but as Henry conferred honours upon many of his assistants, why then was John neglected?

Both armies, the next day, Aug. 21, were fully employed. Richard drew up his men in battalia, with as much ostentation,

and as broad a front, as his numbers would allow; to answer the same end as their pompous approach to Leicester. While Henry marched from Atherstone, over Wetherly-bridge, almost to the two mile stone; then turned to the left, along Fen-lane, crossed the little rivulet of Tweed, which divides Bosworth-Field from the meadows, and encamped in the first close on the left, in the *White-moors*, one mile from the top of Amyon-hill, and half one behind Sir William's camp.

An army could scarcely proceed with greater secrecy, or expedition, than Henry's had done. From his landing at Milford-Haven, he had marched through Wales to Shrewsbury, and from thence to Bosworth-Field, in fifteen days. Though no warrior, he knew that delays were dangerous, that  
 marching



marching kept up the *Spirit* of a people, though it fatigued the body. He remembered the fate of Buckingham.

Whether the superior talents of Henry, or those of John Hardwick, fixed upon this spot for the camp, is uncertain, but nothing could be better chosen. His left, and rear, were secured by the brook, the right, by a swamp, and Sir William became a guard to his front.

The two armies must have been in view of each other all the day. Here they both rested for that night, a little more than two miles asunder. What midnight horrors rent the soul of Richard, or what angelic visions appeared to comfort Henry, I leave to the poetic talents of a Lan-



castrian, and shall only observe, that neither of them could court repose on the eve of so momentous a day.

*Bosworth Field*, everlastingly famous, derives its historical name from Bosworth, a shabby market town on the western borders of Leicestershire, one mile distant. Its real name is *Redmoor Plain*, from the colour of the soil; as the meadows on the west are called *White-moors* for the same reason. It belongs to Sutton-Cheney, an adjacent village on the east. It is rather of an oval form, about two miles long, and one broad, and is nearly in a line between Bosworth and Atherstone. The superficial contents may be fifteen hundred acres, inclosed in a ring fence. Part is waste land, part in grass, and part in tillage. The whole

whole field is uneven. The south end, where Henry approached, is three miles from Bosworth, now a wood of four or five hundred acres, and is bounded by the above rivulet. About thirty yards above the wood is a spring called at this day *King Richard's well*. A small discharge of water flows from the well, directly down the hill, through the wood, into the rivulet, but having no channel cut for its passage, it penetrates through the soil, and forms that morass, which Henry is said to have left on his right. Amyon-hill is nearly in the center of the field, and is by much the highest ground; the summit is two or three hundred yards beyond the well. The hill has a steep descent on every side, but is steepest towards the north, or the Bosworth side, and terminates with a rill, a bog, and a flat, called *Amyon lays*. The field extends

a mile farther towards Bosworth, but that part was not the scene of action.

Not one human being resides upon this desolate field, or near it; as if *that* place was studiously avoided which had been the scene of blood. The remains of two wretched mud-walled tenements are upon the very places once covered by the troops, Hewit's and another; but the families are fled, and the buildings in ruin,

To have a clear view of this battle, it will be necessary to expunge from our idea the present appearance of the country, and view it as in 1485. For this purpose we must consider all the adjacent lordships unincloded; and the whole scene as an open country. We are told by some authors that the two armies approached Bosworth

worth Field with *design*, "as a place meet  
 "for two to engage;" but they forget that  
 most places were as meet. Those where  
 Richard and Stanley were encamped, were  
 better. Their march to the field was not  
 impeded. The ground over which Rich-  
 ard's broken forces retreated to Crown-hill,  
 now full of fences, was then wholly with-  
 out. Richmond's approach to the field  
 was through an open country, but is now  
 an inclosed lane six miles long. Bosworth  
 Field, which was one piece of unculti-  
 vated land, without hedge or timber, is  
 now so altered with both, that nothing re-  
 mains of its former appearance but the shape  
 of the ground. Henry's camp runs in a  
 straight line, about 300 yards from the brook  
 he had crossed, towards Amyon-hill, some-  
 times within the wood, and sometimes on  
 the White-moors, according to the zig zag



of the fence; which proves, that neither the wood nor the hedge were then in being. This hedge now divides the manors of Sutton and Shanton, but if hedges did not then divide the manors, it is reasonable to suppose they did not divide the interior parts. Stoke was the first lordship inclosed, in about 1584, Shanton in 1646, and Sutton is yet open.

All the authors that ever wrote on this battle, three excepted, are partial to Henry; and partiality, at best, disguises truth. They give him every advantage of person, intellectual powers, valour, and the assistance of providence, when in reality he was not entitled to one half. Some tell us his face shone like an angel's, others, that he succeeded from the pious prayers of his mother; others will not allow his army to consist



consist of 5000 men, and some are inclined to make him beat Richard almost without an army. The tide of sentiment ran only one way, and that in favour of the house of Lancaster. But were I allowed to treat royalty with plainness, Richard was an accomplished rascal, and Henry not one jot better. Which had the greatest right to the crown, is no part of the argument; neither of them had any. Perhaps their chief difference of character consisted in Richard's murdering two men for Henry's one; but as a small counter-balance, Richard had some excellencies, to which the other was a stranger. Though we are left in the dark with regard to Richmond's army, yet, if we consider the numbers that joined him in his march through Wales, under their powerful leaders, Griffith, Morgan, Herbert, ap-Thomas, Blount; and in England,

land, with Hungerford, Boucher, Byron, Savage, Sandford, Digby, Hardwick, and many others; also the 2000 French, and the 2000 brought by Talbot at Newport, his numbers could not have been so few as represented by the Lancastrian writers. The same prejudice which diminished Henry's numbers augmented Richard's. If we attentively survey the camps of the four Generals at Bosworth Field, the night preceeding the battle, it may throw some light on this dark subject, which has been the contest of ages. Though the camps cannot declare the numbers of each, they seem to declare what proportion they bore to each other. Richard's is by far the most extensive, and with the breast work, covers about eighteen acres. Modern cultivation is a dreadful enemy to antiquity. The husbandman has with great labour, destroyed the

the

the extent and uniformity of these camps; I could not help smiling while I conversed with the farmer who resides upon the verge of Richard's, when he repeatedly cursed him for spoiling his land; and I asked him whether the shade of Richard might not with equal propriety curse him for spoiling his camp? Richmond's is the most obliterated; but according to the best observation I could make, it covers six or seven acres. Lord Stanley's proceeds along the summit of an eminence, in two lines, is perhaps four acres; and Sir William's, more compact, and more circular, covers about three, hence we may reasonably suppose, the King brought into the field 12,000 men, Richmond more than seven, Lord Stanley five, and Sir William three,

We are now entering upon one of the  
most

most important days in the British annals, Monday the 22d of August, 1485, which answers to our present September 2, a day which terminated the contest between the roses. A stream of English blood had continued to flow for thirty years, occasioned by the sword, and the axe. The royal family, though numerous, was nearly extinct, the nobility almost destroyed, and the nation itself, thinned of inhabitants. There had already been many battles, and some of them very destructive, but this was the only one decisive. Though the united strength of all the parties brought into Bosworth Field, did not exceed 28,000 men, yet there had not been a battle since that of Hastings, 419 years before, of such importance; and, as the importance of Hastings consisted in the fall of Harold, so did that of Bosworth in the fall of Richard.

Both



Both the sovereigns were usurpers, and both were conquered, and succeeded by those who had no more right than themselves. The death of Harold was owing to a random shot, that of Richard to a daring spirit, but the result of both was the same, the loss of a kingdom. The crown was now to be disputed, with the utmost acrimony, by two of the ablest politicians that ever wore one; they were both wise, and both crafty; equally ambitious, and equally strangers to probity. Richard was better versed in arms, Henry was better served. Richard was brave, Henry a coward. Richard was about five feet four, rather runted, but only made crooked by his enemies; and wanted six weeks of thirty-three. Henry was twenty-seven, slender, and near five feet nine, with a saturnine countenance, yellow hair, and grey eyes.



Richard was a man of the deepest penetration! perfectly adapted to form, and execute a plan; for he generally carried what another durst not attempt; and yet in him, we have a striking instance of the shortness of human foresight. He little thought, when he was clearing his way to the throne, by murder, he was murdering for Henry! that he was clearing the way for a man, whom, of all men, he most detested; that by cutting off one obstacle, he only opened a prospect for another, and by destroying those who guarded the crown for the Plantagenet family, he paved a road for the Tudor.

Sir Simon Digby, having penetrated into Richard's camp, in the character of a night spy, at the utmost hazard of his life, returned; and informed Henry, at day-break, that  
the

the king was preparing for battle. Richmond's trumpets sounded to arms. From this time till the engagement commenced, was about six hours, from four till ten in the morning.

The first persons who attended the king, were Lovell, the Lord Chamberlain; Catesby, the Attorney-General; and Sir Richard Ratcliffe, all privy counsellors, to whom he uttered the ill-bodings of his heart. Issuing from his tent, by twilight, he observed a centinel asleep, and is said to have stabbed him, with this remark, "I found  
"him asleep, and have left him as I found  
"him." Perhaps this was the only person Richard ever put to death, who deserved it.

He left his tents standing, and commanded the troops to rendezvous in Sutton  
field,

field, about the midway to Amyon-hill. Here he drew up in order of battle; his right extended towards the north end of the field, where he made his oration, from which the place acquired, and still bears the name of *Dicken's-nook*.

Though history and tradition are silent, with regard to Lord Stanley's movements, yet there is not a doubt but he marched, and halted with Richard, as if solely attached to his cause, still keeping a little to the rear of his left, for it was evidently his design to amuse his master till the last moment.

Richmond sent an express to Lord Stanley, requesting his assistance in forming his men, for he earnestly wished to have Stanley with him for fear of a disappointment;

but

but he returned for answer, "that the Earl  
 "must form them himself, he would come  
 "at a convenient season." He afterwards,  
 however, left his own corps to the care of  
 an officer, and privately assisted for a short  
 time.

Henry, though inferior to Richard in  
 numbers, had more horse. Both armies  
 were drawn up exactly alike, each in two  
 lines; the bow-men in the front, the bill-  
 men in the rear, and the horse formed the  
 wings. The principal officers were in ar-  
 mour, that is, each wore a coat of mail,  
 and a helmet. Every man carried a sword,  
 to which were added, for the cavalry, a  
 spear, and for the infantry, some a bow,  
 some a bill, and some a battle-ax. I am  
 inclined to think Richard had artillery,

though this is not mentioned by any au-

G

thor;



thor; because it was used in the royal army long before that period; and old *Hewit*, who resided fourscore years upon the spot, where the battle was fought, assured me he had found three or four cannon balls, of a smallish size, in his garden, and pointed to the places; I have also other authority. Richard was dressed in the same suit of armour, of polished steel, in which, fourteen years before, he won the battle of Tewkesbury. We are told he had his crown upon his head. He had. But this is an unfair representation; for we should suppose he wore his crown, as a man wears his hat; whereas, he wore the helmet belonging to the suit, and upon this the crown was fixed, by way of crest; the practice of knighthood.

Richard's front line was commanded by

John



John Howard Duke of Norfolk, a faithful veteran, assisted by his son Thomas Earl of Surry, the second by the King himself. In the right of this line, Henry Earl of Northumberland led a considerable body

at Richmond's front, for want of numbers, was spread very thin, to shew to the greater advantage, and was commanded by John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a firm adherent to the house of Lancaster, whose father and brother, twenty-four years before, died upon one scaffold, for the same cause. This able commander knew well how to marshall Henry's men, and as well how to fight them. From him are descended the houses of St. Alban's and Townshend. Over the right wing was appointed Sir Gilbert Talbot, who joined Henry at Newport, with the Shrewsbury interest; a man

of experience and valour, ancestor to the Earls of Shrewsbury and Talbot. Sir John Savage commanded the left, and proved himself worthy of the command. Henry directed the second line, or rather his uncle the Earl of Pembroke, a person of wisdom and prudence. An officer of reputation of the name of Barnard, said to have been descended from the royal line of Scotland, commanded the French. Henry knew nothing, from experience, of the art of war, neither had he the least relish for it, or wish to attain it.

The two chiefs rode through the ranks, and are said to have addressed their followers in an oratorical harrangue, wherein they plentifully abused each other. But these speeches, like those of the House of Commons, perhaps meet the eye rather mended.

We

We can hardly suppose each could extend his eloquence to a hundred and fifty lines in folio.

“ Richard assured his well beloved fol-  
 “ lowers, that he owed the crown to their  
 “ wisdom, that he had been guided by their  
 “ council, and had approved himself a just  
 “ king. That this day would try their af-  
 “ fections, that he hoped they would keep  
 “ by their valour, what they had gained by  
 “ their prudence; that if they wished to  
 “ live together like brethren, they must  
 “ fight like lions. That the devil had en-  
 “ tered into the heart of an unknown  
 “ Welchman, who, aided by a company  
 “ of beggarly thieves, attempted to rob him  
 “ of his royal dignity; that Richmond was  
 “ a Welch milkfop, without courage, or  
 “ experience in martial deeds, totally un-

" fit to command an army; that they had  
 " nothing to fear from traitors and run-  
 " gates. That when they should see his  
 " banner displayed, they would dread the  
 " divine vengeance for acting against their  
 " sovereign, and submit to mercy. That  
 " the French were braggers and cowards,  
 " had often been vanquished by his ances-  
 " tors, the Plantagenets, and were more  
 " apt to run than to fight; and that he him-  
 " self would that day triumph either in  
 " victory or death."

This speech, as is often the case with  
 speeches, contains some truths, but more  
 falsehoods; it varies much from that deli-  
 vered by the Duke of Cumberland, at the  
 battle of Culloden, who remarked, " If  
 " any man is unwilling to engage, either  
 " from sentiment or fear, he shall have free  
 " liberty

"liberty to depart." But had Richard made this declaration, two thirds of his army would have instantly vanished.

The oration was followed by a feeble huzza, after which, the army marched in battalia, to Amyon-hill, where they arrived before Henry. Here then must terminate the last stage of a short and turbulent life. Here the exertion of all his powers, in pursuit of glory, must end, in ignominiously falling in one of the most dreary spots in his whole dominions. He must lose that crown for which he had ardently struggled, had basely obtained, and held dearer than himself. Dismembered of royal ermine, he must be degraded beneath a man, hacked to pieces with the swords of Plebeians, die execrating those he was unable to kill; be exhibited naked to every eye but that of a



friend, covered with filth, drenched in the blood of those, who had fallen by his sword, lie undistinguished among rabble, and leave a character which no man would envy. This deplorable end of greatness but ill corresponds with the *Lord's anointed*.

The King's right extended to the declivity of the hill, on the Bosworth side, called Cornhill-fruze, or Amyon-lays, and his left towards King Richard's well.

Henry in armour, with his helmet in his hand, rode among the cavalry, and afterwards mounted a little hill, where he addressed the infantry. He observed, "that  
" if ever the Almighty assisted the innocent, or made virtue triumphant over  
" villainy, they were certain of victory.  
" That nothing could be more laudable  
" than

“ than to fight against a murderer, a de-  
“ stroyer of his own blood, an expunger of  
“ nobility, a firebrand which consumed the  
“ country. That Richard and his guilty  
“ followers, had wrongfully disinherited  
“ him of his lawful right, and unjustly  
“ assumed the title of king. He added,  
“ they occupy your estates, cut down your  
“ timber, and turn out your families to  
“ starve. I doubt not but God will deliver  
“ them into our hands, or prick their con-  
“ sciences, and cause them to fly. Many  
“ follow the tyrant through fear, and only  
“ wait an opportunity to join us, and shew  
“ they are our friends. Should we be  
“ conquered what mercy can we expect  
“ from a man who shewed none to his  
“ friends, his brother, his nephews, and his  
“ wife? We cannot retreat without destruc-  
“ tion. What though our numbers be  
“ few ;

“few; the greater will be our praise if we  
 “vanquish, and if we fall, the more glorious  
 “our death.”

Here we behold two Princes, in disputing for a crown descend below the gentleman, and vilify each other in the language of two Porters disputing for a truss. Though perhaps, this oration was not much truer than the other, yet Henry, brought up in private life, had much the advantage of Richard, for as he had not formed a character, he could lose none; but Richard, long upon the stage of action, had parted with his, never to recover it.

While Lord Stanley was forming, the King sent Sir Robert Brakenbury with this singular, but dreadful message. “My Lord, the  
 “King salutes you, and commands your

"immediate attendance, with your bands,  
 "or by ——— your son shall instantly  
 "die." About the same time Sir Reginald  
 Bray arrived from Henry, pressing Lord  
 Stanley to join him. He replied to Bra-  
 kenbury, "If the King stains his honour  
 "with the blood of my son, I have more;  
 "but why should he suffer, I have not lifted  
 "a hand against him; I will come at a  
 "convenient time."

Lord Stanley seems to have given up his  
 son for lost; but willing, in the last mo-  
 ments, to exert every effort in his favour,  
 took Bray aside, and ordered him to post  
 back to Richmond, about a mile distant,  
 and press him to advance with all speed,  
 against the royal army. This active mea-  
 sure was intended to employ Richard other-  
 wise than in executions.

Brakenbury

Brakenbury having delivered Stanley's answer, Richard exclaimed in anger, "This is a false pretence. He is a traitor, and young Strange shall die," and ordered Catesby to see it instantly done.

While the executioner was preparing the axe, and the block; and the youth, in the near prospect of his awful fate, was taken out of the hands of the tent-keeper, as a victim for execution; Lord Ferrers of Chartley, a man of great honor, and humanity, touched with compassion, ventured to remonstrate to the King, "That whatever were the father's crimes, the son was innocent, and it would be cruel to punish the innocent for the guilty; that it might bring disgrace upon their arms, if any blood was shed that day, except by the sword; that envious tongues had already  
" been



"been too free with his princely character,  
 "but this would give them greater scope;  
 "that there could be no evil in one day's  
 "delay, and then punishment might be  
 "inflicted where punishment was due.  
 "That Stanley had not yet declared against  
 "them, but this rash execution would  
 "oblige him. That from a family con-  
 "nexion he might not choose openly to  
 "espouse the King's cause, but wait some  
 "critical moment, or perhaps wait to de-  
 "clare for the victor; that it was better to  
 "keep the matter doubtful than force him  
 "to become their enemy; and, should the  
 "rebels be victorious, they would doubly  
 "retaliate the death of Strange. It can  
 "do your cause no service, continued he,  
 "to take his life, but may an injury."—  
 Richard, convinced by Ferrers's reasons,  
 ordered the execution to be delayed, and  
 perhaps

perhaps this was the first order of blood he ever revoked.

The King continued in battalia near the top of the hill, unwilling to lose his advantageous ground, while Henry unfurled his banners, founded the march of death, and advanced from the meadows below.

We are told by our historians, of "a great marsh, that Henry was obliged to pass, though now drained by cultivation." This is another mistake; there neither is, nor ever was one, or any obstruction, but the rivulet mentioned before, which a man might easily jump over; or perhaps when Henry passed it, he might walk over dry-shod; for at that season of the year, the land springs are low, and we have reason to conclude from three little incidents, that

the

the weather was fair, which would keep them lower. When Richard entered Leicester, five days before, it was after sun-set, which supposes that the sun was *seen* to set. In the morning of the battle, it was said to shine on Henry's back, and in the King's face; and when Richard's body was afterwards found among the slain, it was covered with *dust*. All which indicate a fair season: hence we may reasonably conclude, the current was suspended.

Richard was so accomplished a general, that we can hardly suppose him guilty of an oversight; otherwise he seems to have missed a fair opportunity in not waiting for Henry at Wetherly-bridge; also when he perceived him approach the rivulet, the evening before, he might have advanced and engaged him to great advantage. A good general,

general, if he can avoid it, will not be attacked. Oliver always struck the first blow. To wait damps the courage of the people. Though the current ceased to flow, yet the water covering the hollows of the bed; the banks, in some places being two or three feet high; the channel forming a curve, and Henry's army a straight line, their ranks for a moment would have been broken; when, having an army within bow-shot of their front, no wonder if confusion had ensued. These thoughts could not escape Richard; but he might consider, his situation would be excellent; that Henry must begin the attack at a great disadvantage, for the Hill was against him. He wished Henry to fight, and if he obstructed his passage, he might decline the action, or might attempt another passage, and cause the King to lose his advantageous ground.

Intensg.

Richard's

Richard's was too excellent a situation to be risked even for a better;

Richmond having passed these difficulties unmolested, slowly marched up the ascent, where the wood now stands, the morafs formed by King Richard's well, being on his right, and the sun, not on his back, or his right hand, but between both; the King's troops looking on with their bows bent.

As Henry marched forwards he seemed to drive Sir William before him, for in half an hour he would pass over the camp he had quitted. Sir William advanced to the north of the hill, and took his station near Amyon-lays.—Here, I apprehend the King's artillery played upon the enemy; the balls found in Hewit's garden, cor-

H

roborates



roborates the remark. But I could never learn that any execution ensued; perhaps this kind of warlike implement, not being well understood, made no great figure in military practice.

The two armies drawing near each other, Richard's moved a few paces, and both began the bloody scene with a discharge of arrows. The fear of not being soon enough is apt to cause us to be too soon. Perhaps from too great a distance not much execution was done; but both continuing to advance, instantly came to a close engagement, sword in hand, and the bow was not much used after. Confusion, tumult, and death was the result. Richmond's people fought with some spirit, knowing they must conquer or die. Their all was at stake; they expected no quarter, for in  
all

all the battles between the two roses, the axe and the halberd finished what the sword began. Richard's people fought like men, not hearty in the cause. He was no favourite; they were pressed into his service; Henry's were volunteers. If Richard won the battle, his men could not be gainers, nor much losers if he lost it; they were indifferent, and indifference is seldom crowned with success; some were determined not to fight.

During the dreadful conflict, the Earl of Oxford observing his line rather scattered, because spread for shew, ordered that every man should keep near the standard. This causing his men to unite, astonished the King's forces, who desisted from fighting, in dread of some master-stroke of generalship; but recovering from their fears, they

renewed the battle, to which Oxford obliged them by beginning first.

Oxford, by closing his men, had shortened his line, which Norfolk perceiving, extended his left with intent to surround him; at that moment Lord Stanley, from flanking both, now joined the right of Richmond, and faced Richard's left, which prevented destruction, and proved a second astonishment to the royalists. If we detach *design* from *action*, Oxford seems to have taken an imprudent step in closing his ranks, because the King would out-flank him. But he was apprized, no doubt, of the determinations in the little close at Atherstone, and narrowed his front with a view to make way for Stanley.

Norfolk and Oxford, leading the vans,  
naturally

naturally approached each other, and though sheltered under their helmets, Norfolk knew Oxford by the device on his ensign, a star with rays, and he knew Norfolk by his silver lion. Here we behold the dire effects of party rage. A man becomes rancorous even against his relations, and sheds that blood which is allied to his own. These brave commanders had lived in friendship, and were of one family, Oxford's mother being a Howard, and first cousin to the Duke. They personally attacked each other with their spears, till they were shivered to pieces, then each drew his sword. Norfolk gave the first blow at Oxford's head, which, sliding down his helmet, glanced on the shoulder, and wounded him in the left arm. Oxford, enraged, returned the blow, and hewed the beaver from Norfolk's helmet, leaving the



face bare. Oxford, disdaining to fight a man unguarded, declined the combat, and retreated a few paces, when instantly, an arrow from a distant, and unknown hand, hit the Duke in the face, and pierced the brain—— Thus fell John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, one of the fairest characters of the age, notwithstanding his adherence to Richard. He was descended from the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, and by a daughter of Brotherton, from the Royal line. He was early bred to arms, and had, while Sir John Howard, faithfully served Edward the Fourth, in the Lancastrian quarrel, who raised him to peerage by the title of Lord Howard; and Richard the Third, in the first of his reign, conferred on him the Dukedom of Norfolk, and on his son the Earldom of Surry, both which his descendants enjoy. He

was



was warned by a bundle of papers left at his gate not to join Richard, and again, by a course rhyme upon his tent door, the night preceding the battle

“ Jack of Norfolk be not too bold,

“ For Dicken thy master is bought and fold;”

but he had taken an oath to Richard, and he could not recede. He revered the *King*, but lamented the errors of the *man*.— Oxford, though an enemy, felt for his fall, and declared, “ A better knight could not die, though he might in a better cause.”

Surry had already acted the hero, but his father's death inspired him with such revenge, that he laid several at his feet; he followed his blow as if determined his single sword should win the field; when approaching Talbot, they furiously engaged. Talbot was provoked that a veteran, like

himself, could not overcome a stripling almost in his first appearance in arms. Some of his followers surrounded young Surry, with a design to take him alive, but he resolved not to yield, but die, as his father had just done, sword in hand. Here an affecting spectacle offers, two worthy characters, Norfolk and Surry, the first stretched a victim at the feet of his son, and the son oppressed by those who had caused the death of his father, without one friend to support him. He fought in the midst of numbers till his strength was exhausted, when two of the King's courageous knights, Sir Richard Clarendon, and Sir William Conyers, were resolved to rescue him or perish in the attempt. This Savage observing, who himself as well as his sword, was dyed in blood, surrounded them with some of his people, who cut them

to pieces. Savage made many attempts to save them, but could not; and now, Surry was again left alone to cope with a surrounding multitude, and his powers gone. This being remarked, a second attempt was made, by a private soldier to take him prisoner, which Surry disdainingly, collected strength from anger, and at one desperate blow, cut off his arm, which fell to the ground. This done, he presented the hilt of his sword to Talbot, desiring him to put a period to his life, that it might not be taken by an ignoble hand. "God forbid," says the generous Talbot, "that I should stain my character with the blood of so brave a youth. You have not erred; the fault was your father's." "I wonder," replied Surry, that the noble Talbot should insult the vanquished, in distress. We had

“ had the right, but the sword is transfer-  
“ ring it to you. I shall never repent the  
“ choice I made, neither can my honour  
“ suffer by that choice. Our maxim is,  
“ *To support the Crown of England.* Who-  
“ ever wears it, I will fight for; nay, were  
“ it placed upon a hedge-stake, I should  
“ think it my duty to defend it.” This  
expression was afterwards reported to  
Henry; and though Surry was sent to the  
Tower, it proved a means of reconciliation,  
and he afterwards fulfilled his own remark,  
by becoming a faithful adherent to Henry.  
This Earl of Surry may be said to have  
*produced a House of Lords*, for from him  
descended eleven distinct families of the  
name of *Howard*, who rose into Peerage,  
by the titles of Norfolk, Nottingham,  
Bindon, Northampton, Eskrick, Norwich,  
Suffolk,

Suffolk, Berkshire, Carlisle, Stafford, and Effingham; a similar case of fertile nobility is not upon record.

It was now past eleven. The battle had continued about one hour, without much advantage gained by either side, except, that Richard had lost Norfolk and Surry, his principal officers. No part of their forces had been vanquished. Only the front line of each army had been engaged, nor had they much varied their ground. The two chiefs had kept their station, Richard in the center of his rear, and Henry, towards the left of his; when Richard, attended by his officers, making an effort to assist the van, a scout came upon the full run, and informed the King, "that Richmond was posted behind the hill, with "a slender attendance." Richard, fired at the



the news, altered his design of reinforcing the van, and marching up the ascent, the person of Henry was particularly pointed out to him, for he did not know him. He grasped his spear, fixed it in the rest, and exclaimed, "Let all true Knights attend me, and I will soon put an end to the quarrel; but if none will follow, I will try the cause alone."

After such a declaration, it would have been difficult even for a coward to stay behind. He instantly spurred his horse into a gallop, and rode out of the right flank, attended, among others, by Francis Lord Viscount Lovell, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Richard Radcliffe, Sir Gervis Clifton, Sir Robert Brakenbury, Sir William Catesby, &c. with their followers; none of them shewing signs of fear, except Catesby.

Catesby. They rode directly towards Henry, with the King in front, and Sir William Stanley with 3,000 men standing neuter at his right elbow. It is a melancholy reflection, but was happily hid from their eyes, that every one of them, Lovell excepted, was following his Sovereign to death!

Richard is represented as having lost the battle, and disdaining to survive the disgrace, rushed into the heat of the action, to sell his life at the dearest rate. Here seems another mistake; for this desperate plan, formed in a moment, was not an ill-concerted one; he was still uncertain whether Stanley would declare for Henry, and as Henry was thinly guarded, he stood a fair chance, by a bold stroke, of being instantly dispatched, and then the field was won. Besides, Richard's courage was invincible,

cible, ten such men might have withstood a hundred. This was one of those daring enterprises, which is condemned or applauded, according to its good or ill success. By the last sentence in his oration, he seemed resolved to embrace an opening, should one offer, however dangerous.

Though Richard took his spear, he did not use it, but trusted to his sword. Sir William Brandon, the Earl's standard bearer, was the first person he approached, who, fascinated as with a basilisk, at the intrepid boldness of the King, could neither resist nor depart, but seemed to fall by his own astonishment. Richard at one stroke, cleft his head, seized the standard, and with a vengeance threw it on the ground. This was a red dragon, upon a green and white silk, the ensign of Cadwallador, the  
last

last king of the Britons, maternal ancestor to Henry.

He instantly attacked the powerful Sir John Cheney, who, after the faint resistance of a moment, was unhorsed. These were not the acts of a little, puny, decrepit fellow, with a withered arm! He paid no attention to those on the right, or the left, except to kill them, but the spirit of the hero growing into that of the mad-man, he thought of nothing but cutting his way to Henry.

If Henry moved at all it was backwards. He continually permitted his people to interfere, suffered their numbers to thicken, and never shewed the least sign of advancing. The ferocity of Richard would have terrified a better man than Henry.

Hitherto



Hitherto Richard's was a well laid plan; he was winning a battle by consternation on one side, and valour on the other. All sides gave way; Richmond was in the utmost danger, and fortune seemed much inclined in the King's favour. Sir William Stanley observing this, instantly closed with his 3,000 men, nearly surrounded those with the King, prevented others from advancing, who shewed no great inclination to advance, and by dint of numbers, and surprise, gave an effectual turn to the fortune of the day. This was perhaps the most critical moment in Richard's life. Victory had suspended the scales between the combatants, which were as equally poised as with a level guinea. Richard's seemed at length to preponderate. She beheld it with a smile; but instantly turned away, Stanley threw his whole weight into Henry's scale, and



and the King's was found wanting. Had Sir William deferred his assistance but one minute, he might have deferred it for ever; Henry must either have fallen or fled.

Here we stand amazed at two similar incidents, which happened nearly together, to which history cannot add a third. The Duke of Buckingham, as mentioned before, was the person who set the crown upon Richard's head, and Richard, in return, cut off Buckingham's. Thus a favour too great to be rewarded with benefits, is rewarded with death. Sir William, by this timely support, was the person who alone set the crown on Henry's head, nay, perhaps saved his life; and yet Henry, ten years after, beheaded Sir William. One would think, if a man confers a remarkable favour, it ought to be on him who has no powers of

return, for fear of incurring the greatest injury. The only crime *openly* alledged against this unhappy man was, that while Perkin Warbeck obtruded himself upon the world, for the Duke of York, he should say, "If I was sure he was the son of Edward the Fourth, I would never draw my sword against him." A man may be charged with treason for *fighting*, but we rarely find him so charged for declaring he will not. Henry was fond of seeing the officers of the crown grow rich by lucrative places, and as fond of quarrelling with them, that he might draw those riches to himself. Thus he filled the places, and reaped the profits. Stanley loved money, was immensely rich, and his greatest crime was thought to be his wealth. Henry must have been a complete master of address, or he durst not have ventured to pay a friendly visit to Lord Stanley

immediately

immediately after he had destroyed his brother.

The eye of fear is ever watchful. Catesby was the first who saw the approach of Stanley, apprized the King of his danger, and assured him there was no disgrace, when destruction was at hand, in consulting his safety by flight; and instantly retreated. Richard, with an angry look, branded him for a coward, and declared that he himself would never submit.

During this dreadful conflict it was the fortune of Brakenbury, and Hungerford to meet. Brakenbury called him traitor, and accused him in the harshest terms for deserting his Sovereign, to serve a rebel, and an out-law. Hungerford replied, "He would return him something more solid than

I a

" words,

"words," and aimed so violent a blow at his head, silvered with grey hairs, as would have pierced his burganet, had not Brakenbury that moment raised his left arm to sustain it; but the violence of the stroke slit his shield, and rendered it useless. Hungerford delivered his own target to his squire, saying at the same time to Brakenbury, "He would take no advantage of a naked antagonist, they should now fight on equal terms." But it may be replied, though they were equal in arms, they were not equal in years, for it was active life against old age. They renewed the conflict, aiming many furious blows at each other's head, till Brakenbury's helmet was knocked to pieces, and himself sorely wounded. Boucher called out, "brave Hungerford, spare his life, he has been our friend, and may be so again?" but it was too



late, his wounds were mortal, and he breathed his last on the ground. He was a gentleman of strict honour, and would not condescend to stain his hands with the blood of the young Princes, though perhaps tempted by Sovereign.

Should a tyrant arise, who invades the rights of mankind, it would be prudent for every man to rise against him, because all are interested; for the injustice he offers to one, he would to another. But when two worthless characters, like those of Richard and Henry, contend for that which neither have a right to, what pity it is they are not left personally to decide the dispute, without drawing in the innocent, nay, even fathers, brothers, and friends to destroy each other. Sir John Byron, and Sir Gervis



## 118 THE BATTLE OF

Clifton, were intimate friends, and neighbours, being both Nottinghamshire Gentlemen. And though Byron fought under Henry, and Clifton under Richard, it no way diminished their friendship, but proved, what rarely happens, that friendship genuine. They had exchanged a prior oath, "that if either of them was vanquished, the other should intercede with the conqueror, that the estate of the loser might not be forfeited, but enjoyed by his family." While Clifton was bravely fighting in the troop, he received a blow which overpowered him, and he fell. Byron observing the fall, quitted the ranks, and ran to the relief of his suffering friend, sustained him on the ground, guarded him with his shield, and intreated him to surrender. Clifton replied, "All is over; I beg my dear friend you will remember the oath between us,"

" Victory

"Victory is your's. Use all your interest,  
 "that my lands may not be taken from my  
 "children." The worthy Byron, upon the  
 point of renewing his promise, perceived  
 his friend was departing, and exclaimed  
 with emotion, "Stay, my dear Clifton,  
 "stay!" but alas! the wound was mortal, and  
 the unfortunate Clifton expired in the field.  
 Perhaps Byron performed the oath he took,  
 and the promise he would have renewed,  
 for Sir Gervis Clifton, the descendant of  
 him who fell, now enjoys the same estate,  
 which was possessed by his ancestors many  
 centuries prior to the battle of Bosworth.  
 The quarrel between the two roses was  
 peculiarly unfortunate to the Clifton family,  
 for though this gentleman fell for the house  
 of York, his father, fourteen years before,  
 being vanquished at Tewkesbury, in fight-  
 ing for that of Lancaster, was one of sixteen  
 signal

officers who took sanctuary in the church. Edward the Fourth pursued them with a drawn sword, but was met in the porch, by the priest, who, presenting the sacrament, would not suffer him to defile the place with blood, nor even enter till he had promised a pardon. A striking instance of ecclesiastical power. This was on Saturday the fourth of May, but by Monday, Edward had forgot his promise, and brought every one of them to the block.

Richard might now be said to have been in the midst of a fire, and that of his own kindling. He continued his ferocity till his powers and his friends failing, for every one of his followers was either fallen or fled, he stood single in center of his enemies; when, becoming less desperate, through weakness, many durst approach within the length

length of a sword, who, some minutes before, durst not venture within the length of a spear. Richmond's people having so fair a mark as a hated King, unguarded, were eager to kill Richard; and Richard, dreadfully circumstanced, had no objection to be killed. Despicable as his body is represented, he sustained a great deal of beating, before he was beaten down; but as the sturdiest oak must give way to a multitude of axes, Richard at length fell, fighting an army! His body was covered with wounds. His helmet, which, like a cullendar, was full of holes, had lost the crown, and was beaten into every form but the right. Had a stranger afterwards examined the field, the most abused helmet he could find, he might safely conclude had been Richard's.

Thus fell Richard the Third, one of the  
greatest



greatest heroes, and one of the most dishonest men recorded in history. Perhaps he was the last man slain in this battle, except in the pursuit, and if so, the last in the Plantagenet quarrel. The contest had continued more than thirty years, in which had been killed 100,000 men, but what is rather singular, the first man that fell, and the last, stood at the head of the house of York, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and his grandson Richard the Third.

While we survey this awful field, the first in consequence in the whole island, that of Battle in Suffex excepted, we consider it as classic ground. Here contemplation brings in review, important deeds, and their more important effects. To this field, Richard brought an aching heart, and a faithless army, lost both, and was declared a  
traitor,



traitor, because unfortunate. Richmond approached it, doubtful whether he should find a throne, or a block; whether he should put on the ermine, or the shroud. Here Norfolk fell, out of gratitude to that prince, who had raised him to greatness; and the brave Surry was within a hair's breadth of losing that life, which replenished both houses of Parliament. Here Brandon sunk under Richard's sword, and his own surprise; and Sir William Stanley set the crown on Henry's head, by which he lost his own. Oxford, from a desolate wanderer, recovered the ancient patrimony of his house, and Lord Stanley, while betraying his master, could have nothing in view, but victory, or the axe; nay, destruction hung over the Stanley family, by a slender thread. On this spot Richard owed his ruin to his valour, and that valour prevented the ruin of

the

the Stanleys. Here a friendship was displayed between Byron and Clifton, which is no where surpassed in history. Here Conyers and Clarendon suffered for the most generous act, and here the fate of a mighty nation was determined.

From the time Richard galloped out of the right flank, till he fell, could not be more than fifteen minutes, but they were some of the most remarkable minutes we read of. They for ever closed the bleeding wounds of the two houses. They extinguished the ancient and heroic line of Plantagenet. A period was put to the enormous power of the Barons, which had bound the people, and bullied the crown; and to the still more enormous power of the priesthood, which had bullied both. They dispelled the clouds of ignorance and superstition,

perdition, and obliged the witch, the ghost, and the wizard for ever to hide their faces. They opened the door for light, knowledge, and letters. They were the dawn of the arts. The world was taught to consider the lower ranks of men as part of the human species, who, before had only been considered as slaves and villains; that every man had a right to his property, and if he possessed no property, he had still a right to himself. They promoted a beneficial union between England and Scotland; which, being founded on natural principles, became permanent, by which harmony is preserved, and the lives of thousands saved. The united kingdom was taught by these fifteen minutes, to increase in commerce, in riches, in civilization, in power, and soon to rise the arbitress of Europe.

If

If we consider the part of the field where Richmond marched up, with the morass on his right: his own situation, towards the left of the second line, the hill over which the King marched, when he first saw him, and the way the royal forces retreated, they will nearly point out the situation of both armies and the spot where Richard fell. This spot must have been at the foot of the hill, near Amyon-lays; and the united traditions of the country serve to prove it. They report, that Richard was slain while his horse was set fast in a bog. Sir William's people certainly surrounded him; and while in that situation, they must have fought upon firm ground. But when the King was left alone, by losing his friends, he was probably driven into the bog, formed by the springs, and the rivulet, where he fell.

The



The blood of the slain tinged the little stream long after the battle, particularly in rain. The battle being fought in a dry season, much of the blood would lodge upon the ground, become baked with the sun, and be the longer in washing off; which inspired a belief in the country people, that the rivulet runs blood to this day, and they frequently examine it. Possessed with this opinion, they refuse to drink it; while King Richard's well, on the other side of the hill, has had, by the nymphs and the swains, many an hog'shead of sugar dissolved in its water. Thus the honourable blood of the Plantagenets, the pride of English history, which had swayed the British sceptre for ages, was mixed with that of the peasant, and both went to supply a gutter.

At the death of the King, opposition  
ceased,



ceased, part of his troops remained in the field, the rest fled different ways, but chiefly towards Stoke, leaving Sutton-Cheney, and Dicken's-nook, near a mile on the left, and were pursued with slaughter, by the victors. This is corroborated by the human bones and war-like implements often found, particularly in about 1585, when the lordship of Stoke was inclosed; and by the pits, or hollows, with which, their route to crown hill is marked; for though tradition can assign no reason for the hollows, I judge they were the graves of those who fell, and were promiscuously tumbled in by heaps, which would sink into hollows, as the bodies decayed.

Authors differ exceedingly with regard to the slain, and I am not able to set them right. But as only the front lines were engaged,

engaged, and as neither side shifted their ground, nor fought with remarkable vigour, I am inclined to think the numbers which fell during the battle, were nearly equal; and as Henry is said to have lost about one hundred, Richard, perhaps did not lose many more. The greatest carnage must have been in the pursuit, which continued two miles, and about forty or fifty minutes. This would probably increase the number to nine hundred. Henry attended his people in this species of destruction; Lord Stanley pursued the vanquished troops, and Sir William staid to pillage the field.

We are told, the greater part of Richard's army never struck a blow; that is, the two wings, and the rear; which proves they were not firm to his interest; how then could he prepare a sufficient force to oppose the two

about

K

Stanleys!

Stanleys! He could not be said even to command his own army! Part of these neutral forces, which composed the rear, were under the command of Henry Earl of Northumberland, amounting to two or three thousand men, who grounded their arms, to shew Richmond's people, they had nothing to fear from *them*. The keen-eyed Richard had before expressed to Lord Ferrers, his suspicions of Northumberland, and, perhaps for that reason, placed him in the rear to watch him himself; the honest Ferrers, like many a duped person after him, "wondered there could be such duplicity in the world," forgetting that he who talks most of his probity has none. At the same time Ferrers renewed his promises of fidelity, for which he received his sovereign's applause and his thanks. Northumberland had but little reason to be satisfied with the

house.

house of York; perhaps he had not forgot the death of his father, in the cause of Lancaster, at Towton-field, when that blood-thirsty butcher, Edward the Fourth, ordered his troops to give no quarter. There thirty-six thousand innocent people were slaughtered, in disputing which of two men should wear a crown, claimed by both, but deserved by neither. Nor was it of the least consequence to the multitude, which wore it. Probably the prior warning given to the Duke of Norfolk, by the papers left at his gate, and the distich over his tent door, the night preceding the battle, originated from Northumberland. He experienced Henry's smiles, was instantly taken into favour, honoured with a seat at the council-board, proved faithful to his interest, and four years after lost his life in his service.



Richard was the only English monarch since the conquest, who fell in battle, and the second who fought in his crown; an indication of courage, because from such a distinguishing mark, the person of majesty is readily singled out for destruction; Henry the Fifth appeared in his at Agincourt, which was the means of *saving* his life, by sustaining a stroke with a battle-axe, which cleft it. But Richard's falling off, in his last fiery struggle, was taken up by a private soldier, who contrived to secret it in a bush in the field, perhaps with a view to secure it for himself. But being discovered, it was delivered to Sir Reginald Bray; hence arises the device of a crown in a hawthorn bush, at each end of Henry's tomb, in Westminster Abbey.

When the pursuit was over, Bray delivered the battered crown to Lord Stanley, who



who placed it on Henry's head, hailed him King, and, as usual, sung Te-Deum, and taught the soldiers to huzza the rural monarch with, "Long live King Henry." This was performed upon a hill near Stoke, from thence called crown-hill, forty-three acres. At the inclosure of the manor, this hill was divided into four parts, three of which bear the names of upper, middle, and lower *Crown-hill*, and the fourth *Hollow-meadow*; from the soldiers hollaing when Henry was crowned. Tradition tells us, they raised their voices to the highest pitch, to inform their companions in Bosworth-field, in full view of each other across the valley, that the pursuit was over, and the victory compleat. Thus Henry acquired with ease what he valued the most, and had the longest wished for, *a crown*. It is curious to observe what prudence and perse-

verence he used to overthrow the house of York, and acquire it. Our historians erroneously suppose, the two years between the defeat of Buckingham and the victory of Bosworth, were spent at the court of France; but great part of that time was employed in travelling secretly among the powerful families in Wales, to solicit their aid, and some little, in paying his addresses to Miss Herbert. Pennant in his tour tells us that while Henry was at Tremostyn in Flintshire, about dinner-time, a party attached to Richard, arrived with intent to apprehend him, but, with the assistance of the family, he had just time to leap out of a back window and escape through a hole, which to this day is called *the King's hole*. Richard-ap-Howel, lord of the place, paternal ancestor to the present Sir Roger Mostyn, afterwards attended him to Bosworth-

worth-field. When the battle was over, Henry invited him to court, but the honest Welchman nobly replied, *I will dwell among mine own people.* Henry then presented him with the sword and belt he had worn that day, with which, attended by his followers, he retreated into Wales, the little king of half a county; and these relics of victory were, till lately, preserved in the family. There is but one instance upon record, where a crown has been won with less difficulty, that of the revolution between James the Second, and William the Third; the reason of both was the same, a national dislike to the reigning prince; both may be said to have been reduced by their own forces. Henry was the only sovereign we read of, crowned in the open field, and his military coronation was performed without a prayer.

The track which Richmond marched from the camp to the engagement, and from thence to Crown-hill, formed the letter vee reversed,  $\Lambda$  he approached by the left limb, and retreated by the right. The road by which the King's troops advanced, and retreated forms the same, and as both retreated one way, they unitedly form something like a double u,  $\mathbb{M}$ .

This battle, destructive to many, furnished the country people with domestic utensils. A blacksmith assured me he had found a sword blade, which he used for a drill-bow. An old woman converted part of another into a hanging spit, for roast-meat, so that it continued its ancient practice of wounding flesh. Between King Richard's well, and the summit of Amyon-hill, is a bed of sand, perhaps an acre, the  
only



only one in the whole neighbourhood; a gentleman told me he saw dug out of this bed, a sword and a candlestick, a yard beneath the surface, both perfect. The sword no doubt was a genuine antique, but the candlestick was probably the relic of a thief, who had stolen sand in the night.

An antiquary of my acquaintance, travelling over these solitary regions, bought a sword of a peasant, for six-pence, found in opening a gravel pit, near Stoke, in high preservation; but as it carried no ancient marks, its authenticity was doubtful. I therefore applied to every sword-maker in Birmingham, who all agreed, it was of German construction, and by comparing it with others of various periods, left no reason to doubt its being the spoils of Bosworth Field, and had been drawn by an officer of horse



horse. The ignorance of the seller, and the miserable price it sold for, prove there was no deceit in the bargaining; they also prove the great value of money, and the small value set by the natives, upon a leading curiosity, which if made public, would readily have brought five guineas.

Henry was not the only person who received honours in the field, for he knighted several gentlemen, as Gilbert Talbot, John Mortimer, Richard-ap-Thomas, Robert Points, Humphry Stanley, John Turberville, Robert Willoughby, Hugh Perthull, Richard Edgcombe, John Bickenyle, De Baron de Carow, &c.

Crown-hill, prosperous to Henry, and his followers, being upon sale some years back; a gentleman, perhaps from the singu-

larity of the place and the actions upon it, wished to become the purchaser. The price was eleven hundred pounds. Having no money, he hired the whole sum at five per cent. Suffering the interest to run in arrears, the mortgagee obliged him to sell the estate, to discharge the debt. This happening under Lord North's administration, when the American contest had reduced the value of land, it brought only nine hundred, which left a large debt uncovered. To secure this, he was obliged to mortgage, to the same person, a paternal estate of about one hundred acres, situate between Crown-hill, and Lord Stanley's camp. A second neglect of interest, and a repeated renewal of the mortgagee, soon devoured the paternal estate, which was sold in Nov. 1787, to clear the original debt of Crown-hill. Thus, upon that spot where Henry found a crown, and  
his

his adherents victory, and honour, another found his ruin.

Sir William Brandon was the only person of note, who fell on the side of Henry; but the officers on that of Richard suffered greatly, among whom were John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers, Sir Richard Radcliffe, Sir William Conyers, Sir Richard Clarendon, Sir Robert Brakenbury, the Lord Zouch, and Sir Jervis Clifton. Lord Lovell ran away, and two years after fought against Henry, at Stoke, where he lost his life, or at least was heard of no more. Humphry, and Thomas Stafford, took sanctuary in St. John's, Gloucester. The grandmother of the Lord Ferrers slain here, was heiress of the house of Birmingham. He himself was ancestor to the present Lord Hereford, and by marrying the heiress of Ferrers,

Ferrers, was the first proprietor of Castle-Bromwich of the name of Devereux. His great grandson erected the present hall, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,

The body of King Richard being found among the slain, covered with wounds, dust, and blood, after suffering many shameful indignities, was hung over a horse, like a calf, behind a pursuivant at arms, named *Blanch Sanglier*, or White-boar, the name of his office, he wearing a silver boar upon his coat, the cognizance of Richard, and was carried to Leicester in triumph, that afternoon. The corpse was perfectly naked, the feet hung on one side, the hands on the other, and the head lately adorned with a crown, dangling like a thrum-mop. No King ever made so degraded a spectacle; humanity and decency ought not to have suffered



suffered it. *Carte* says they tied a rope about his neck, which is very probable, and perhaps about his feet, or he could not well have been fastened to the horse. This was meant as a disgrace to Richard, but it reflected more upon Henry, or his followers, for to insult weakness is highly blameable, but more to insult the dead.

The corpse was exposed two days to public view, in the town hall; this was Henry's policy, to prevent a future imposter, and his pride to shew himself a conqueror, and then interred without ceremony, in the Gray-friers' church. Here Richard rested about fifty years, with a scrubby alabaster monument erected over him by Henry. At the destruction of religious houses, his remains were turned out of their little tenement by the town's people, and lost, and

his



his coffin of stone, was converted into a watering-trough at the White-Horse, in Gallow-tree-gate. Thus all the grandeur for which Richard exerted uncommon talents, ended in a stile below a beggar.

I took a journey to Leicester, in 1758, to see a trough which had been the repository of one of the most singular bodies that ever existed, but found it had not withstood the ravages of time. The best intelligence I could obtain was, that it was destroyed about the latter end of the reign of George the First, and some of the pieces placed as steps in a cellar, at the same inn where it had served as a trough.

All Richard's credit expired with him, the breath of the Tudors compleatly  
 blasted

blasted his character; even the country people, to this day, seldom honour him with his real name, but deprecate him with the epithet of *King Dick*.

The fluctuations of the human mind are remarkable; the tide of applause runs parallel with the tide of prosperity; when this falls, the voice of popular favour falls with it. While the house of York swayed the British sceptre, the *white rose* was held in repute, bloomed on the bosom of beauty, and on the sign-post of the publican; but when that house fell, it faded with it, and from that moment was elevated no more. Even now, if ever we see the sign of the rose, it is always a red; nay, it was but recently, that this innocent and lovely flower recovered its pristine credit; for in the contests

tests between the houses of Stuart and Brunswick, it was supposed to be tainted with the smell of treason.

During the sovereignty of Richard, the *White-Boar* also was a common sign. A compliment was paid him without the house, and his health drank within; but at his death, the landlords took down their *White-Boars*, and where any one omitted it, the fickle multitude pulled it down for him; and to this day, we often behold the sign of the *Black-Boar*, and the *Blue-Boar*, but never the white. Tradition tells us, the Inn where Richard slept at Leicester, was the *White-Boar*, in honour of the sovereign, but the proprietor, like others, was obliged to change it for the blue. The King had also added to the college of Heralds, a pur-

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suiwant

suivant at arms called Blanch-Sanglier, or White-Boar, from his own crest, mentioned above, as former princes had created *Blue-Mantle*, *Rouge-Croix*, &c. but after this officer had been obliged, in a scandalous manner, to carry his dead sovereign, Henry annihilated the office, and substituted that of *Rouge-Dragon* in honour of himself.

The sagacious Henry instantly dispatched Sir Robert Willoughby, from Leicester to Sheriff-Hutton, in Yorkshire, to seize one of the greatest, and most unfortunate of the human race, Edward Earl of Warwick, only son of George Duke of Clarence, the last of the Plantagenet race, whose melancholy story can scarcely be read without tears. In him we behold the highest degree of innocence, and of punishment.

The



The blood of this inoffensive prince, has left a stain upon Henry's character, which nothing can efface.

Although Catesby, through whose treachery Hastings lost his life, endeavoured to save his own by deserting Richard in his last moments, yet he was taken prisoner, carried with others, in triumph to Leicester, and some say, executed that day, others the next, but all are mistaken; for Henry staid two days at Leicester, and then pursued his course to London, where he arrived on Sunday, the 28th, carrying in front Richard's three standards, the chief of which was St. George; these he erected in Paul's church, and left Catesby for execution. The last will of this victim to conquest, which is curious, and may be seen in Dug-



dale's Warwickshire 552, proves him alive the 25th, three days after the battle. It also proves him, under his own hand, a dishonest man, in amassing a fortune by unfair means. He expresses a friendship for Lovell, and seems angry with Stanley and Strange. He was descended from a very ancient family at Lapworth, near Birmingham, was bred to the law, in which profession he had acted for Buckingham, Hastings, and the Stanleys. Two gentlemen from the north, of the name of Brecher, were beheaded with him. Thus the first regal act performed by Henry, was an act of tyranny, the very fault for which his predecessor was deposed.

That Richard was not so little beloved as our historians represent, appears by the veneration in which he was held, long after

his

his death, in the northern counties, where he resided in youth; also by the following gentlemen, who were firm in his interest, and were all at the battle, for which they were attainted by Henry when he called a parliament,

John Duke of Norfolk

Thomas Earl of Surry

Francis Lord Lovell

Walter Lord Ferrers

John Lord Zouch

Robert Harrington

Richard Charlton

Richard Ratcliffe

William Barkley, of Weley-castle, near

Birmingham

Robert Middleton

James Harrington

# 150 THE BATTLE OF

Robert Brakenbury  
 Thomas Pilkington  
 Walter Hopton  
 William Catesby  
 Roger Wake  
 William Sapcoat, of Huntingdon-  
 shire  
 Humphry Stafford  
 William Clarke, of Wenlock  
 Jeffery St. German  
 Richard Wilkins, Herald at Arms  
 Richard Revell, of Derbyshire  
 Thomas Poulter, of Kent  
 John Welch, otherwise Hastings  
 John Kendall, Secretary to King  
 Richard  
 John Buck, brother to the historian  
 Andrew Rat and  
 William Brampton, of Burford

# BOSWORTH FIELD. 151

Sir Gervis Clifton, not being in this catalogue of unfortunate names, is a farther evidence that the faithful Byron fulfilled his friendly engagement.

As the battle of Bosworth was the last between the roses, I shall exhibit a dreadful table of those scenes of butchery, which originated from ambition, and are shocking to humanity.

8	Hexham	June 24, 1463	M. of Mortaigne
9	Barbury	July 26, 1469	Earl of Pembroke
10	Stamford	April 27, 1470	Edw. the Fourth
11	Barret	April 14, 1471	Edw. the Fourth
12	Tewkesbury	May 4, 1471	Edw. the Fourth
13	Bosworth	Aug. 2, 1485	Richard the Third

*No. Battles. When fought. Commanders for York.*

1 St. Alban's May 23, 1455 Duke of York

2 Blore heath Sep. 23, 1459 Earl of Salisbury

3 Northampton July 10, 1460 Earl of Warwick

4 Wakefield Dec. 31, 1460 Duke of York

5 Mortimer's cross Feb. 2, 1461 Earl of March

6 St. Alban's Feb. 17, 1461 Earl of Warwick

7 Towton-field Mar. 29, 1461 Edw. the Fourth

8 Hexham June 24, 1463 Mar. of Montague

9 Banbury July 26, 1469 Earl of Pembroke

10 Stamford April 27, 1470 Edw. the Fourth

11 Barnet April 14, 1471 Edw. the Fourth

12 Tewkesbury May 4, 1471 Edw. the Fourth

13 Bosworth Aug. 22, 1485 Richard the Third



# BOSWORTH FIELD. 153

*Commanders for Lancaster. Who victorious. Slain.*

Duke of Sumerfet York 5,600

Lord Audley York 2,400

Duke of Sumerfet York 14,000

Queen Margret Lancaster 2,200

Earl of Pembroke York 4,800

Queen Margret Lancaster 2,900

Duke of Sumerfet York 36,776

Duke of Sumerfet York 2,100

Sir John Conyers Lancaster 6,500

Sir Robert Wells York 13,000

Earl of Warwick York 10,000

Duke of Sumerfet York 4,000

Earl of Richmond Lancaster 900

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105,176

It must be observed, the numbers specified to have been slain in some of the battles, were such *only* who fell on the losing side; nor were those included who suffered in cold blood, by the axe, and the halter, therefore the numbers destroyed in this civil contest must have far exceeded 105,000.

Henry wished to shew to the world he had a better claim to a crown than those derived from marriage, parliament, or the house of Lancaster, by being descended from an illustrious line of kings, even from the first prince that ever swayed a British sceptre. Possessed of a true Welch genealogical spirit, he instituted a commission of antiquaries, to trace his pedigree. The complaisant commissioners endeavoured to gratify his pride by opening the ancient

ancient fluices of royal blood, and infusing a copious stream into his veins. After rising to his grandfather, Owen Tudor, who married Queen Catherine, they were contented with three generations of gentlemen; when supposing they had lost sight of detection, they verged upon nobility. They then laid hold upon one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales; and though they afterwards sunk his ancestors into private life, for eleven generations, they passed in the next through an Earl of Dunstable. A few more removes brought them to Prince Arthur, and another few, to a King *Coel Godeboe* amounting to thirty one removes above Henry; and though again they let his ancestors sink into subjects, during fourteen generations more, they seized upon the famous *Belin*, who lived seventy years before Christ, and pronounced him

him the forty-fifth from Henry. We then open upon a sumptuous race of Kings, in regular ascent for forty-one generations! So numerous a progeny of royal ap's is wholly unknown in the history of man, and would stagger even the faith of a Chinese chronologer. This brings us to the celebrated *King Lear*. And now we have but nine steps to mount till we arrive at *Brutus*, fondly supposed the first inhabitant of this island. Thus Henry's pride feasted upon the froth of antiquity, and his wisdom was duped by his vanity. I am surprized the modest commissioners stopt short at *Brutus*, for I have seen the cobweb ladder of a Welch pedigree stretched up to Adam, and the author, even then, seemed disappointed he could rear it no higher, but perhaps they were not able to marshall another troop of Kings.

CHARACTER



## CHARACTER of the KING.

Richard the Third, of all the English Monarchs, bears the greatest contrariety of character. One would think, that period obscured in darkness, which admits of such flagrant contradictions, and yet, the bold lines of the time, are clearly seen, and easily described.

Some few have conferred upon him almost angelic excellence, have clouded his errors, and blazened every virtue that could adorn a man. Others, as if only extremes could prevail, present him in the blackest dye; his thoughts were evil, and that continually, and his actions diabolical; the most degraded mind inhabited the most deformed body. But when an enemy falls foul upon the person, which the owner can neither make nor mend, satire becomes a kind of

6

recom-



recommendation, for it indicates that, the features of the mind, which he *might* mend, did not afford sufficient matter for revenge. They brand him a monster from his birth, and though he came before his time, charge him as being born with all his teeth, and hair to his shoulders; however, we cannot charge him with planting either.

But Richard's character, like every other man's, had two sides; nay, in him, it comprehended two extremes, though most writers display but one, and these are best delineated by his actions.

As the prejudice of the Lancastrian writers declined, Richard's mis-shapen body, like a block of marble under the chisel of an artist, assumed a fairer form, and, brightening by degrees, he is incontestibly

proved, at the end of three centuries, to have been a handsome man.

As we have already remarked, he was short,

and firmly built. He came into the world

like other children, resembled his father in person and aspect. By his coins, pictures,

and other representations he was straight.

He bore a family likeness to his brother

Edward, who was one of the handsomest

men of the age. The Countess of Desmond,

who lived to a hundred and thirty, and

whose picture now graces Windsor Castle,

danced with Richard in King Edward's

court, and declared him "the handsomest

man in the room, his brother excepted."

But her feeble voice, during the sway of

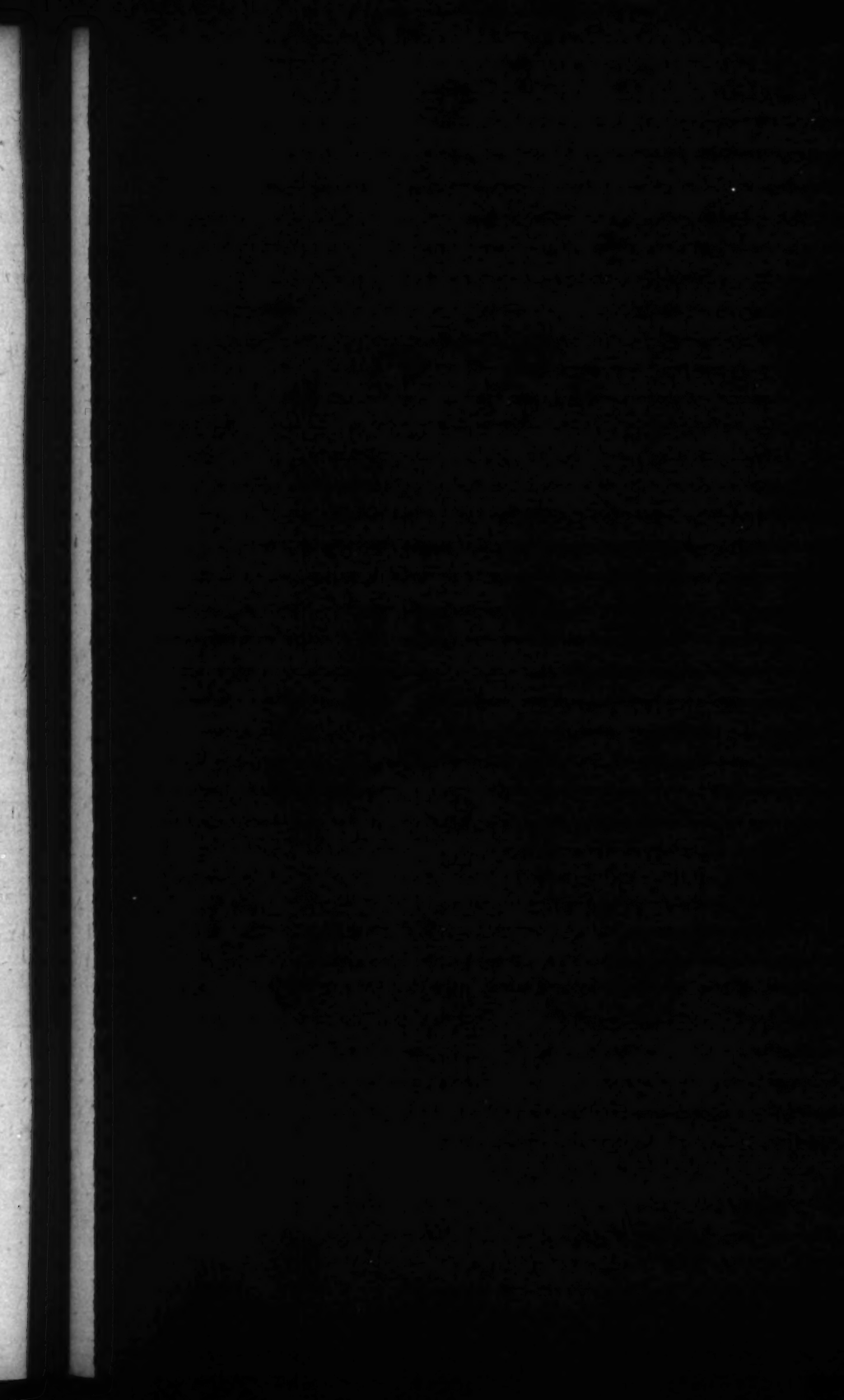
the Tudors, was lost in the general cry

against him, for none of the old historians

mention it.

While

While a minor, in his brother's court, he was good natured and obsequious. While governor in the north, his justice, and obliging behaviour, gained him the good will of the inhabitants. While an officer under his brother, though a boy, he displayed the most accomplished military talents; his bravery could scarcely be equalled. While a king, he was a man of business, extremely attentive to justice, and passed some singular laws for the good of the subject; such as rectifying the returns of juries, which had been shamefully abused, and attended with false verdicts; regulating bail on suspicion of felony; preserving property till conviction; and removing that hateful burthen couched, under the word *benevolence*. He was exceedingly averse to the imposition of taxes, the out-cry of every reign. His liberality was remarkable, and  
though







though his desire knew no bounds, he desired nothing but a crown. These are facts which cannot be denied by the most prejudiced person.

On the other hand, instead of giving him every excellence, let us fairly try his character upon the following accusations:

He is charged with the murder of Edward Prince of Wales, after the battle of Tewkesbury. By the best accounts ever submitted to the world, there were only four persons in the room with Edward the Fourth, when Sir Richard Crofts brought in the Prince; Clarence, Dorset, Gloucester, and Hastings. The King having asked him in a majestic tone, "Why he entered his kingdom in arms?" and having received

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this

this resolute answer, "to recover my right, unjustly usurped," he struck him in the face with his gauntlet, and departed. This was considered by the courtiers, as a declaration of hostilities, and they instantly stabbed him to death. All the Lancastrian writers charge this bloody deed upon Richard. *Carte* says it was Dorset and Hastings, which is very probable, but there is no authority for either. As they were all seniors, compared to Richard, it cannot be supposed a lad of eighteen would first draw his dagger, in the presence of his superiors in age, who had always controuled him. It follows, that the unfortunate Ann Neville, daughter of the king-making Earl of Warwick, who rose to miserable greatness, by being the wife of Edward Prince of Wales; and afterwards became Queen of England;

by being that of Richard the Third, has been wrongfully accused for marrying the murderer of her husband.

He is also charged with the murder of Henry the Sixth in the Tower. But it never was proved that he *was* murdered; notwithstanding the body was exhibited to public view. I will, however, for arguments sake suppose it. His life could not be worth taking by any man, particularly Richard, who had then nothing in prospect. He never had abilities, his interest was gone, his wife a prisoner, and, above all, his son was dead, without a chance of more. As the Queen was the most mischievous of the two, there would have been more policy in destroying her. Besides, the same plea of childhood holds good in this case

as the last, for it happened in less than five weeks after the death of the prince.

The destruction of Clarence, in point of chronology, comes next; and though nothing criminal is proved against Richard, I am apprehensive part of the charge is just. Clarence was boisterous, and though good natured, had but little guard over his tongue. Richard was cunning, silent, eloquent at pleasure, shrewd, and designing. He early set his heart upon the crown, though many removes from it; for he considered, though there are many steps in a journey, yet for every remove the traveller makes, there is one less. Richard kept fair with all parties, and being a complete dissembler, cautiously improved the quarrel between Edward and Clarence, while he  
seemed



seemed the friend of both. This is in part corroborated by an expression which fell from Edward, while lamenting, when too late, the death of his brother. Intercession having been made for a criminal, he exclaimed between sorrow and anger, "How many, and urgent, applications are made, to save a wretch who ought to die by the laws of his country, but not one mouth was opened to plead for a brother in distress."

While Edward sat unsecurely on the throne, Richard was his able supporter, but when he became established by the death of Warwick, and the reduction of the Lancastrian party, Richard entertained different views, and cast his own eye towards the throne, fomented divisions among the nobility, friends to Edward, induced them to

M 3                      destroy



destroy each other, that should the King's demise happen, during a minority, the crown might be left open for himself; but, as before observed, it left an opening for Henry. The deaths of Gray, Rivers, Vaughan, and Hastings, were murders of the blackest dye, and are justly chargeable to Richard. His ambition was the sole cause, and Buckingham his wretched tool.

The seizure of the crown, to which he had no right, was an unjust usurpation. He was not invited to rule, but boldly obtruded himself,

Another charge is the death of Edward the Fifth, and his brother. That they were murdered, does not admit a doubt; what else could become of them? from the  
last

last intelligence, they were under Richard's care. It was no man's interest to destroy them but his. They were the only obstacles left to thwart his ambition; and though they had no power, he plainly foresaw it would arise with their years. If one or both had died a natural death, he would certainly have published it. If he was daring enough openly to remove those who were their known protectors, he would not scruple secretly to remove them. His strenuous endeavours to get the Duke of York into his power, after he had secured the King's person, point, as an index towards a diabolical design. The confession of Tyrrel and Dighton, two of their murderers, deserves attention; though rather erroneous, it throws much light on this dreadful act. We are told four persons only were concerned; Sir James Tyrrel, the temporary commandant of the Tower; John Digh-

ton, his groom; Miles Forrest, whom Sir Thomas Moor calls a big square knave; and a priest. That ten years after, when Perkin Warbeck personated the Duke of York, it became Henry's interest to refute the imposture, by proving the murder. That Tyrrel and Dighton were apprehended, and separately examined, in private, the other two being dead. That Henry published their confession, which declared, that Dighton and Forrest had smothered them, in a tower, near the Water-Gate (thence called the bloody tower) "with pillows, while asleep at midnight, "in July 1483, and brought Tyrrel, who "waited upon the stairs, to view the dead "bodies when laid out, and that a priest "had buried them under the stair case. "That Richard dissatisfied with the place "of their interment, had ordered the priest "to remove them, but they could not tell "where,"

“where.” The first part is probably true, that they were murdered and laid under the stair-case, but not by the priest. The cautious Henry believed they were destroyed, and would gladly have proved it; but had he attempted the proof, and miscarried, he would have lost more than by omitting it, and Perkin would have gained what Henry lost; he therefore rested the matter upon the bare evidence of the murderers, and durst not venture to break up the ground. It follows, the latter part of the tale, which declares their interment by the priest, and their removal by Richard’s order, was evidently fabricated by Henry, to prevent the hazard of a search. If one man kills another, he seldom sends for a priest to bury him. Richard was too circumspect to trust so important a secret to more than one person; nor was it of consequence to him

where



where they were hid. The world was surprized Henry did not punish the murderers; but it would have been more surprising if he had; for this would have destroyed that evidence he wished might exist. He knew, as they could never contradict their former assertions, they would be living witnesses in his favour; besides, a pardon, no doubt, was one of the terms of confession. This dark affair however was cleared up 192 years after the murder. March the 16th, 1675, some workmen having orders to remove a flight of stairs, leading from the King's lodgings, to the chapel in the White Tower, at the depth of nine feet, they discovered a chest of elm containing some small human bones, as Tyrrel and Dighton had described, which shews part of Henry's account to be fair. These being carefully examined, were found to be those of two boys,



boys, one about twelve, the other ten. The scull of one was whole, the other broken by the labourers, as were many of the bones, and the chest. They were then cast away with the rubbish. This being known at Court, Charles the Second ordered the rubbish to be carefully sifted, and all the bones preserved they could find, which are deposited in a marble urn, inscribed to the memory of the innocent sufferers, in Westminster Abbey. This proves Richard a villain; Henry timorous, and deceitful, the murderers confession just, and Perkin an impostor.

The death of his wife is another allegation against him. We are given to understand, "that the terms of agreement for a crown, between Henry and the people, were to unite the contending parties by  
" marrying

"marrying the Princess Elizabeth; to prevent which, Richard determined to marry her himself, therefore, to clear his bed for the new bride, dispatched the old, but that the new spurned his embraces."

Part of this may be relied on. That she died about that time, is certain, but it is not so certain that Richard killed her. She was far gone in a decline, had never known health since the loss of her son, a year before, nor did Richard and she live upon ill terms, he treated her with kindness; and she accompanied him in his pleasurable excursions. Besides, he was not so fond of the match as *really* to promote it; not so fond as the lady, though he might be as eager as Henry. *Carte* assures us, one of her letters to the Duke of Norfolk, is yet in the Arundel collection, wherein she intreats him to forward her nuptials

nuptials with the King. Queen Elizabeth, mother to the Princess, had often bespattered Richard by her sanctuary fire-side, at Westminster, and with reason. The daughter's anger must have kindled against him, in proportion to the mother's. But as the crafty Richard found means to win the mother, he would find it a much easier task to win the daughter. It remains yet to be proved, whether it is in the nature of a woman to refuse a sceptre and half a royal bed, how despicable soever the person who offers it. If she affected to despise Richard's advances, it was only like the Fox in Æsop, despising the grapes; nor did this happen in Richard's reign, but the next; when the tide of disgrace ran with such rapidity against him it was dangerous to speak in his favour. It was not so much his intentions to marry her, as a manœuvre

to prevent Henry. He viewed Richmond's single attempt upon the crown as a bravado, easily crushed; but by such a marriage, a union would be effected between the Houses, and both operate against him, perhaps to destruction. Besides, he kept her a close prisoner till his death, in the castle of Sheriff-Hutton, which plainly indicated, he neither wished Henry, nor himself to marry her.

His vile attempts to prove his mother an adulteress, and his brothers bastards, if true, shews a baseness of mind, without parallel.

If Richard, as a sovereign, could justify the execution of the Duke of Buckingham, to whom he entirely owed his elevation, and that of St. Leger, his sister's husband, upon the stale principles of rebellion, yet  
they



they prove him totally void of gratitude and pity as a man.

There is but a slender barrier between the religious man and the hypocrite, and it requires a curious eye to discern it. That Richard with all his errors, had a strong tincture of religion, appears from the favour he shewed to ecclesiastics, and from his being found at devotional exercises, when solicited to take the crown. But, perhaps, we may safely pronounce this an hypocritical farce, to win the people. His charge to the judges to administer justice, and his circular letter to the Bishops for restraining vice, prove more in his favour, because the procedure was voluntary. He gave five hundred marks per annum to Queen's College in Cambridge, which  
farther



farther proves a religious turn ; though, perhaps, this pious act was not void of ostentation. But a more certain indication was, his fear of affronting the Virgin Mary, should he have marched on the day of her assumption.

Three natural children were the consequence of his amours, to whom he gave the name of Plantagenet, John of Gloucester, nominal governor of Calais, Catherine, who died in infancy, and a Richard, but little known in history. As all the flattering prospects of this last expired with the father, he is said, after the battle, to have hid himself in obscure life, at the early period of thirteen, and became a common day labourer, at Eastwell, in Kent, in which capacity he lived unknown, under another  
name

name, to extreme age. This is testified by some memoirs preserved in the Winchelsea family.

Former writers drew Richards's character from prejudice, but as time has diminished that prejudice, their successors will, with more justice, draw it from facts. Perhaps he had a greater number of enemies than any person in the whole system of English history. It was said of Sir Robert Walpole, when he guided the helm under George the Second, "that *he* had more "than any man living." But *his* were only the enemies of a day; Richard's continued for ages! They were diligent in wounding his fame, while his friends, if he had friends, were condemned to silence.

—Although many crimes were laid to his charge, yet the greatest of all was *that of losing the battle of Bosworth!* This added emphasis to his guilt, gave his antagonist

the ascendant, and enabled Henry to raise against him the clamour of ages. Had Richard been prosperous, he would, with all his faults, have passed through life with eclat. His errors, like those of other monarchs, would have been lost in oblivion, and himself have been handed down to posterity, as an excellent King. History would then have taken an opposite turn, and the odium have fallen upon Henry. Many of the English Princes have been as guilty as Richard, but less blamed, because more successful. The treatment of Duke Robert by his brothers, William Rufus, and Henry the First, was infinitely more diabolical, than that of Richard to Clarence. King John murdered his nephew, and his sovereign, as well as Richard, but this is little noticed by the historian, though Richard was by far the better King. Henry the Fourth stands almost excused,

who

who really murdered Richard the Second, while our hero is condemned for the death of Henry the Sixth, though not guilty. The destruction of Warwick, by Henry the Seventh, was as vile a murder, as that of Edward the Fifth; nay, were it possible to speak in palliation of this worst of crimes, Richard was the least culpable, for he had one temptation which Henry had not: Edward the Fifth had an absolute right to the crown, but Warwick only a shadow. And the artful Queen Elizabeth, who, by her address, was idolized by the subject, and immortalized by the historian, basely destroyed a sovereign Princess, over whom she exercised power without right, Mary Queen of Scots; and, to augment the cruelty, suffered her to be insulted at the block. ---Richard's crimes originated from ambition, and took their complexion from the boldness of his character. Could he have lawfully



lawfully claimed a crown, he might have made an excellent monarch; or had a crown been totally out of his reach, he might have been a valuable subject; but, placed between the two, he partook of both, and marred the subject, to make the monarch. He was a faithful servant, a brave soldier, an admirable legislator; yet one of the vilest of men. Perhaps History cannot produce an instance of such an assemblage of virtues and defects in one person. In him were united, as many excellencies as would furnish several shining characters, and as many faults as would damn a troop.

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## ERRATA.

Introduction,	Page xvii	Line 14,	for Shoot	read	Shot.
	lxxi	30,	Paul		Pall
Battle	180	18,	after in,		insert the
	239	17,	for Mortgage	read	Mortgage
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